Storm

R. PALME DUTT

Benson of Minnesota

MERIDEL LE SUEUR

Hitler Was a Clown, Too

EARL BROWDER

Teachers Defend Democracy

SAMUEL SILLEN and OBED BROOKS

Tony and the WPA

A Short Story by JO SINCLAIR

Robert Forsythe on the Hines Trial

Maurice Hindus' "Green Worlds"

Reviewed by JOSEPH FREEMAN

Cartoons by Gropper, Gardner Rea, Richter, Hilton, Snow, Others

ON THE COVER
Adolf Hitler
TURN TO PAGE 3

SEPT. 6, 1938

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JOSEPH STAROBIN'S series of three articles on the little business man will begin in next week's issue.

Isidor Schneider, former literary editor of *New Masses,* author of *From the Kingdom of Necessity* and *Comrade—Mister,* has just returned from the Soviet Union. For the past two years he has edited the English edition of *International Literature.* Schneider will begin a series of lectures under the auspices of the League of American Writers.

Martha Graham will present for the benefit of NEW MASSES her first concert of the coming season on Sunday evening, October 9. We urge readers of NEW MASSES to reserve this evening, which will open the dance season in New York City. Miss Graham will present *American Document,* which was received with great enthusiasm at Bennington last month. Tickets for admission will be priced from 55 cents to $2.20. Reservations for individuals or parties may be made now by mail or telephone. NEW MASSES, 31 East 27th St., New York City, Phone CA 5-3076. There will be further details in next week's issue.

Some additions to last week's list of fall publications by NEW MASSES contributors: *One-fifth of Mankind: China's Fight for Freedom,* by Anna Louise Strong; *Collected Poems,* by Genevieve Taggard, which will include the poem printed on page 6 of this issue; *Concerning the Young,* by Willard Maas.

Through an error a postscript to the letter from Shaemas O'Sheel that we published in the last issue was omitted, and this destroyed the meaning of the concluding sentence of our reply to him. In his postscript Mr. O'Sheel cited R. Palme Dutt's article on Ireland, which appeared in the August 2 issue of NEW MASSES, as supporting his position of opposition to collective security. Earlier in his letter he also similarly cited Stalin. The editors of NEW MASSES, in their reply to Mr. O'Sheel, pointed out as decidedly anomalous the fact that he had managed to convert two outstanding Communist leaders into opponents of collective security, the very policy that the Communist Parties throughout the world strongly advocate.

Also a correction in Edwin Berry Burgum's review of A. B. Magil's and Henry Stevens' *The Peril of Fascism: The Crisis of American Democracy.* On page 24, the fourth paragraph, *"representative* capitalism" should read *"repressive* capitalism."

The Book Union selection for September is *The Liberals,* a novel by John Hyde Preston, reviewed in NEW MASSES last week by Samuel Sillen.

What's What

JOHN L. SPIVAK writes us that he has written the following letter to International Publishers:

"Dear Sirs: I have just finished reading A. B. Magil's and Henry Stevens' *The Peril of Fascism: The Crisis of American Democracy.* You should be proud of having brought it out. It is one of the clearest and most interesting presentations of a subject which affects the lives of every person not only here, but the world over. If ever a book is "must" reading, this is the one in these troubled days. I don't see how any one with a desire to understand the forces which are affecting our lives and liberty can afford to miss it.

"When you next see the authors, I wish you would extend to them my heartiest congratulations."

The following is from Bill Andrews, of Chicago: "Local 24 of the United Office and Professional Workers of America has settled its dispute with Esquire-Coronet, Inc. The stipulation signed by the company on August 18 is a real milestone in the progress of employee-employer relationships in Chicago's publishing field.

"We of the *Esquire* group wish to thank your publication and the progressive press generally for the assistance given us in publicizing the facts of the case. More than any other single thing, the wave of protests which flooded the *Esquire* office brought the company to an understanding of the need of settling. That nationwide protests were impossible without such help as you gave us is obvious.

"Some misunderstandings have arisen concerning the issues at stake in our dispute. We were negotiating on only one point, discrimination against union members. The dismissals and transfers of union members came early in our organizing drive, before we had recruited a majority of the employees. For this reason, we were not yet in a position to bargain for union recognition and economic conditions. These matters were not discussed in our conferences with the company.

"What our settlement does is open to us the road to effective organization not only of the *Esquire* office, but also the whole publishing field in Chicago. There are thousands of workers in our industry who are in desperate need of union strength."

Between Ourselves

THIS WEEK

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Two weeks' notice is required for change of address. Notification direct to us rather than to the post office will give the best results.

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Who's Who

R. PALME DUTT, editor of Britain's *Labour Monthly,* will continue to write on foreign affairs for NEW MASSES. . . . "Hitler Was a Clown, Too" is the third of Earl Browder's weekly comments. . . . Meridel LeSueur has frequently contributed to NEW MASSES. . . . Jo Sinclair's "Food for Americans" appeared in our July Literary Section. Her first published story appeared in NEW MASSES in September 1936. She has since published in *Esquire, Coronet, Story, American Mercury,* and several others. . . . Joseph P. Lash is executive secretary of the American Student Union. . . . Ella Winter (Mrs. Lincoln Steffens), together with Granville Hicks, has edited the letters of Lincoln Steffens, scheduled for fall publication. . . . Shaemas O'Sheel has been active in the Irish republican movement.

Flashbacks

"THE European and World War bears the sharp marks of a bourgeois-imperialist and dynastic war," wrote Lenin in his *Theses on the War* presented to his Bolshevik friends at the Zimmerwald Conference, Sept. 5, 1914, only a month after the outbreak of armed hostilities. He continued, "A struggle for markets, for freedom to loot foreign countries, a tendency to put an end to the revolutionary movement of the proletariat and democracy within the separate countries, a tendency to fool, to disunite, to slaughter the proletariat of all countries by inflaming the wage slaves of one nation against the wage slaves of the other for the benefit of the bourgeoisie—this is the only real meaning and significance of the war." . . . The First Continental Congress met in Carpenter's Hall, Philadelphia, Sept. 5, 1774, and nine years later (Sept. 3, 1783) the chain of events started by that Congress ended with the signing of a treaty of peace between England and the thirteen liberated colonies. . . . Out of a split of the Socialist Party on Sept. 3, 1919, grew the present Communist Party. . . . The long threatened split in the AF of L became a reality Sept. 5, 1936, when ten unions adhering to the CIO were suspended.

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Before Europe's Storm

An Analysis of the International Crisis and the Imminence of World War

R. PALME DUTT

LONDON, August 19.

WHAT is preparing in Europe this autumn? Will Germany go to war over Czechoslovakia? Do the feverish and loudly proclaimed Nazi military preparations during these coming weeks, with the mobilization of close on 1,500,000 men under arms, in addition to the conscripted half-million on special fortifications work, the concentration of troops on the borders of Czechoslovakia, and the proclamation of the Rhineland as a closed area mean that the die is cast for war? Do the panic movements of the financial speculators, the wholesale selling of securities at tumbling prices, and gold movements and hoarding in faraway hideouts indicate that the explosion of general war over Europe is to be expected in the immediate future? Or will the forces for peace still hold over this year?

These questions are being asked on all sides. In order to attempt to answer them, it is necessary to estimate a series of factors.

During the past three months the fascist powers have received an important series of setbacks.

The first was the crisis of May 21. Evidence now accumulates that Hitler had prepared for an armed entry into the Sudeten districts of Czechoslovakia, to follow and reproduce the armed seizure of Austria in March. Only at the very last moment the orders had to be countermanded.

It was not British opposition, as has since been implied both by British and by Nazi propaganda, which caused the setback. It was the lightning mobilization of the Czechoslovak defenses, combined with the firm and public declarations of France and the Soviet Union that they would stand by Czechoslovakia.

Lieutenant Commander Young, in his recent authoritative book, *Czechoslovakia: Keystone of Peace and Democracy,* has stated explicitly in an epilogue, dated May 28, 1938:

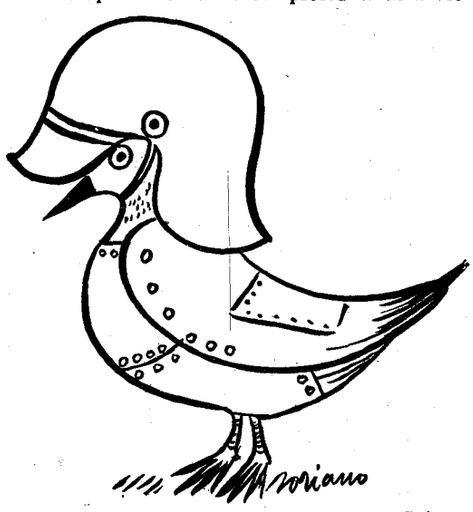
> The crisis which arose during the weekend of May 21-23 should serve as a lesson—and a warning. The press of Britain, France, *and Germany* have done their utmost to create the impression that war was averted by tardy but firm action on the part of the French and British governments. *This is simply not true.*
>
> War was averted because of the firm stand and resolute action of the Czechoslovak government—which called the bluff of the fascist international. It was because their plans had been frustrated, not because of solicitude for Czechoslovakia, that the British Cabinet met hurriedly during that critical weekend.

British diplomacy only intervened in Berlin, not on behalf of Czechoslovakia, but when the facts were already plain, to give warning that the moment was not opportune, that France and the Soviet Union were determined to make a stand, with the consequence that Britain would be dragged in on the side of France, and that, therefore, it was necessary to postpone the coup, and first to carry on further undermining work both in France and Czechoslovakia. There followed the Halifax-Bonnet talks, alongside the royal visit, and the Runciman mission to Czechoslovakia to carry on the undermining work on behalf of Nazi Germany.

This was the first demonstration of the power of the peace front to check fascist aggression. But it was manifestly only a first round: the beginning, not the end, of the crisis over Czechoslovakia.

The second setback to the fascist powers has been over Spain.

When Chamberlain signed the Anglo-Italian agreement in April, the implicit expectation underlying it on both sides was that the war in Spain would be completed with a victory for fascism in the next few weeks. This was the undefined "settlement in Spain" which Chamberlain, when challenged in Parliament, refused to define, and which was made the condition for the coming into force of the agreement.



The rising strength and resistance and even successful offensive of Spanish democracy have thrown these plans into confusion. Chamberlain was compelled to use extraordinary means to force France to close the Pyrenean frontier, at the same time as Italy increased its supplies and bombing raids. Chamberlain has been compelled to connive at the bombing and sinking of British merchant ships engaged in ordinary peaceful trade, and in the murder of scores of British sailors, in the desperate hope by this means to establish not only an arms blockade but a food blockade of republican Spain and starve the people into surrender. All these means have not been able to weaken what the pro-fascist London *Times* has been compelled to describe in a recent editorial, with reluctant admiration and amazement, as the "indestructible spirit" of republican Spain. The food situation is a cruel one, and the outlook for the winter serious; hence the urgent importance of material aid, the reopening of the Pyrenean frontier and the protection of merchant ships. But the unity, the fighting spirit, and the level of organization has steadily risen on the side of Spanish democracy; and the battle of the Ebro has shown the first successful major offensive of the new people's army.

All this has prevented the coming into force of the Anglo-Italian agreement and held up the further plans. This has been the second blow to fascism—and to Chamberlain.

The third and biggest setback to fascism and victory for world peace has been the decisive check administered by the Soviet Union to Japan's offensive at Changkufeng.

There could be no greater mistake than to treat Japan's provocation at Changkufeng as a local incident originating from the commanders on the spot. The fact that the Japanese ambassador in Moscow, Shigemitsu, was already directly threatening military action

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on behalf of his government on the question in mid-July, a fortnight before the operations were launched, is sufficient proof of this.

Japan's invasion of Soviet territory at Changkufeng was a deliberate and carefully prepared testing by the fascist bloc of the strength and readiness of the Soviet Union; had there been the slightest weakness or hesitation in response, general war would have followed.

The origin of the Changkufeng offensive goes back to the transformation of the Japanese Cabinet in May of this year. At that time the Cabinet was reorganized, with the substitution of General Ugaki as Foreign Minister in place of the more cautious civilian diplomat Hirota, the appointment of General Itagaki, late commander of the Kwantung army (the hotbed of anti-Soviet intrigue and preparation) as War Minister, and with the inclusion of the notorious fire-eating anti-Soviet militarist, General Araki. This new Cabinet of the generals was not only a victory of the most extreme military-fascist elements; it was also a victory of the most open anti-Soviet elements, who stood for a temporarily closer approach to Britain on this basis.

General Ugaki's first policy speech in June declared for close relations with Britain, with virtual restoration of the Anglo-Japanese alliance. "We have had special relations with Great Britain in the past. Our friendship has been traditional. I shall do my best to restore those relations and even make them closer than before."

In the beginning of June Major Gen. F. S. G. Piggott, British military attaché in Tokyo, visited Shanghai, and, together with Major Gen. Telfer-Smollett, British commander in Shanghai, gave a ceremonial dinner of honor to General Hata, commander-in-chief of the Japanese troops in Central China. "The friendliest atmosphere prevailed at the dinner," declared the press reports, and toasts were drunk to Anglo-Japanese cooperation, while Japanese airplanes were bombing Chinese men, women, and children.

At the present moment, both before and since Changkufeng, Anglo-Japanese negotiations are in progress between General Ugaki and the British ambassador in Tokyo, Sir Robert Craigie.

Britain's policy in the Far East has consistently been to endeavor to divert Japan's offensive away from British interests in Central China towards North China, Monoglia, and the Soviet Union.

German pressure on Japan has been exercised in the same direction, for equally obvious interested reasons. It was only after the extreme weakness and military failure of Japan had been laid bare at Changkufeng that German pressure was exercised in the opposite direction for a speedy settlement.

The success of the Soviet Union's firm and unhesitating stand against Japan's aggression at Changkufeng constitutes a victory for world peace which will stand out as a landmark in the present period of world history.

Japan's invasion of Changkufeng was planned and prepared as a major operation, with a powerful previous concentration of troops, artillery, tanks, and airplanes. Within ten days Japan was suing for peace on the terms originally laid down by the Soviet Union.

The far-reaching effects of this demonstration of the Soviet Union's strength, and of the possibility of checking fascist aggression by a firm stand, extend not only to Japan, but to all the fascist powers, and, not least, also to Britain. British press comment of all colors bears testimony to the profound influence of this experience on British opinion. It is not only the liberal London *News Chronicle* which commented, on August 12:

> Japan has had a severe diplomatic setback. Ever since the Japanese first went into Manchukuo they have played the arrogant, untamed aggressor. Russia has taught them that there are limits to aggression. It is a lesson that other countries would do well to learn.

The leading City journal, the *Economist,* drew the lesson, on August 13, that "A lesson has been learned in Tokyo which may beneficently affect Europe as well as the Far East." Even the Cliveden Hitlerite organ, the *Times,* was compelled to admit that "the Russians have probably had the best of it on the whole," and that "whatever the final outcome of her tilting match with Russia, its immediate results can only be adverse for Japan." The Conservative, near-fascist press was compelled to recognize the same lesson:

> The armistice in the Far East is an immense triumph for the Russians. It was the Japanese who began the dispute and started the fighting, and now they have had a setback. A very good thing too. *(Evening Standard*—Conservative Beaverbrook organ)

> The terms of the armistice represent a climb down by Japan, since all the Soviet conditions of peace are fulfilled. . . . This setback to Japan is the first she has received since she began her conquest thirty years ago. *(Daily Mirror*—boulevard picture paper, Rothermere-owned)

> The honors go to M. Litvinov, who looks like becoming the world's most permanent Foreign Minister. It is a long time since the Japanese army called off its dogs at the request of Japanese diplomacy. *(Evening News*—Right Conservative Rothermere organ)

Inevitably the comment forms itself for wide sections of British opinion, not only on the left but within the Conservative ranks, who have been deeply impressed by the demonstration of Soviet military strength and efficiency. What happens now to all the arguments of Chamberlain that no stand can be made against fascist aggression since any stand "would mean war"? One power has been able, by a firm stand, to bring a direct aggression to an immediate standstill. What could not be accomplished by a peace front of all the democratic powers, of Britain, France, and the Soviet Union, in cooperation with the United States?

If peace is saved this year, it will have been saved because of the Soviet stand at Changkufeng. But it would be blind folly to ignore the still extreme urgency of the menace that hangs over Europe and the world.

While the setbacks of May 21 and August 10 have dealt a blow to the plans of the fascist powers, these setbacks cannot be final so long as there is no combined peace front of the democratic powers, and therefore in the immediate result only make more desperate the determination of the fascists to recover the lost ground and drive forward their offensive.

The large-scale Nazi military mobilization and preparations may not be planned for immediate war, so long as the combined opposition of France, the Soviet Union, and Czechoslovakia would still make this unfavorable. But they are undoubtedly planned, as the wide publicity accompanying them makes manifest, to create a situation to demoralize the opposition, to paralyze France as over Austria, to cow timid opinion in Britain into passivity, and to terrorize Czechoslovakia into submission.

The Nazi leaders have set their whole prestige on securing the capitulation of Czechoslovakia by this autumn.

It is here that the key significance of the Runciman mission as an integral part of the fascist war plans arises.

The Runciman mission follows the classic methods of the British ruling class.

A comparison may be drawn with the Samuel commission of 1925-26, which was used to break the front of the British miners and the rest of the British working class, when a direct attack had resulted in a setback. On "Red Friday," in 1925, the British ruling class found itself up against an apparently immovable obstacle when the contemplated strategic attack on the miners as the beginning of a general wage attack (the sequel to the return to the gold standard) was met by a united working-class front. Hastily the attack was withdrawn; a nine-month truce was arranged, with a subsidy to maintain wages. Then the undermining work began, at the same time as fighting preparations were raced forward. The Samuel commission was appointed to make an "impartial" recommendation. The strategy worked. When the struggle was resumed at the end of the nine months with the general strike, the previous united working-class front was split from the start on the basis of the Samuel commission's report, and the miners were left to fight alone and be defeated.

This little piece of history is worth remembering in connection with the Runciman mission, which so completely recalls the classic methods when they find themselves up against unexpectedly strong opposition. On May 21 Chamberlain and Hitler received a setback because of the unity of Czechoslovakia, France, and the Soviet Union; the attack had to be called off; the peace forces registered an initial victory. An armed truce follows, during which the methods of the "impartial" commission are brought into play, while the

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Strength Through Joy

Painting by Harry Gottlieb (A. C. A. Gallery)

maximum military preparations are hastened forward. The object is transparent; and the welcome to the Runciman mission (forced by diplomatic threats on the unwilling Czechoslovak government) in the Nazi press has been too warm for discretion. The Runciman report is intended to provide the basis for splitting the ruling forces in Czechoslovakia, immobilizing France, compelling either surrender by Czechoslovakia in the name of an "agreed" solution, or, in the event of continued opposition, giving the pretext for Britain to refuse further "support" to Czechoslovakia and to endeavor to compel France to make a similar refusal.

By these means the way is intended to be cleared for Hitler without major war—yet.

Alongside the Runciman maneuver must be noted the extremely busy parallel diplomatic activities of Britain, Germany, Poland, and Japan.

The Polish Foreign Minister, Colonel Beck, has been touring the capitals of every country bordering the Soviet Union on the west, and has paid a series of visits within the last few weeks to the three Baltic states and the three Scandinavian states. There is no secret that the attempt is to build up an anti-Soviet bloc on the west of the Soviet Union from the Arctic to the Black Sea.

The British First Lord of the Admiralty (Cabinet Minister for the Navy), the Hon. A. Duff-Cooper, has been cruising the Baltic in an Admiralty yacht, visiting Kiel and Danzig to confer with the Nazi and Polish war chiefs, and now passing on to the Scandinavian capitals. Under British inspiration the Copenhagen conference of the "Oslo Group" of the seven smaller states (Scandinavian states, Belgium, and Holland) last month proclaimed repudiation of League sanctions obligations in the name of "neutrality," i.e., the free path for fascism.

This is due to be followed at the League Assembly in September by the further British-led offensive against the basis of the League and sanctions obligations in the name of "revision of the Covenant."

Britain has been actively working to win over Turkey, with a special £16,000,000 credit, including a £6,000,000 arms loan.

Japan has held at Istanbul a meeting of Japanese diplomatic and consular representatives in the Near and Middle East (Balkans, Egypt, Syria, and Iraq); and Turkey has found it necessary to send a note of protest to the Japanese government that this conference was in reality a conference of anti-Soviet preparation.

The rapid worsening of the economic situation is a factor which in its first effect is increasing the menace of the immediate situation, since it increases the haste and desperation of those states which are driving to war and of those sections of capitalism which see the way out in war.

This situation in Europe is especially affecting Germany and Britain. In Britain the slump, which has been developing for a year, begins to reach serious proportions and raises widespread anxiety and discussions of future policy. Despite the still steeply rising rearmament program, steel production this July was

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40 percent below that of a year ago. While the arms industry prospers, the export trades and agricultural interests are hard hit, and the consumption industries begin to suffer. This gives an increasing weight to the influence of the arms profiteers in the relation of capitalist forces in Britain; and these, closely interlocked with the ruling international financial forces of the City, are the main capitalist elements behind Chamberlain. But just these forces drive forward the pro-fascist policy, which hastens the advance of war in Europe.

In Germany the steep fall of security values in the last few weeks, marking the sharpest decline since the beginning of the Nazi regime, is partly the reflection of panic selling in the face of political uncertainty and war expectations, but also undoubtedly reflects the instability and weakening of the economic situation and the accumulating difficulties of the regime.

While the ultimate effect of this, and of the consequent growing discontent, can finally, if war is held off, strengthen the forces of internal struggle against the fascist regime, the immediate effect is to increase the danger of desperate adventures in foreign policy involving the gamble of war.

The immediate future prospect is therefore an extremely critical one.

Hitler may not be directly calculating on major war this autumn; the risk for him is still too great; and, as Litvinov pointed out in his speech at Leningrad in June, the fascist powers still want quick and easy successes against weak enemies. But he is creating a situation, by the large-scale Nazi mobilization and open threats to Czechoslovakia, which brings the risk of war close. The Nazi regime is staking everything on securing the effective capitulation of Czechoslovakia, in one form or another, this autumn; and to achieve this, they are entering on a formidable gamble.

It is evident that Hitler calculates, with the aid of British diplomatic support and influence within Czechoslovakia, to secure his aims with a close threat of war, but without major war, if possible, and thus to stage a new "victory" as over Austria, extend his domination in Europe by this means to a decisive point, and thus at last reach the conditions for the real major war.

In this situation everything turns, first and foremost, on the role of Britain, and second, on the internal situation in Czechoslovakia and France.

One word from Britain could transform the whole present threatening situation and end the danger.

If Britain were to declare definitely that it will take its stand with France and the Soviet Union in the defense of Czechoslovakia and of peace, all the Nazi threats would collapse and the immediate crisis would disappear.

But this word will never be willingly spoken by Chamberlain, who works consistently for alliance with Hitler and Mussolini and his ultimate aim of the reactionary Western European anti-Soviet pact.

Therein lies the sharpest danger of the present situation.

For this reason the greatest importance attaches to the internal situation in Britain.

Special importance attaches to the coming Trades Union Congress, all the more because at present there is no prospect of a Labor Party conference this year, unless a special decision is reached. Within the Trades Union Congress the Citrine policy, which in practice stands for collaboration with Chamberlain (supposedly in defense of democracy against fascism!) still dominates. But during the last period rising opposition has been openly expressed from the engineering unions, from the miners, and other powerful unions. The fight develops over the relation to the rearmament program, over foreign policy and Spain, and over international trade-union unity. The strength of this fight at the coming Trades Union Congress, September 5-10, will have a considerable bearing on the inner situation in Britain.

Immediately after the Trades Union Congress will follow the Communist Party Congress, which will have the most urgent responsibility of leadership in this situation.

* * *

"And Mighty Poets in Their Misery Dead"

*A Poem for Moving Pictures**

Idolatry ends now. Elegy ends now. We cease to grieve
For those rare men, sweet Burns and Chatterton.
The wind drops its wailing tune. Comes pause—the wait.

Darlings of yesterday, fevered and neglected,
Later loved in avidity for fugitive glory . . . (Add
Also the others—Chopin sobbing in Mallorca, Beethoven
Deaf.) These were the peaks. We looked. On them we dwelt.

II

Pure prelude and dear sonata of gold spirit
Play on; but softly, softly. Or better, hush and rest.
The light of that white lamp that gravely sweeps
Night sky for airplanes turns elsewhere. And see:
The beam falls, the log-jam gives, the open hearth spurts white;
Ingot goes wild, the mine caves down, hawser parts;
Foam bursts on the deck. Cry, cry loud, one cry.
Then gulf of silence. Shroud of tomorrow's toil
Instantly drops, covers anonymous man, the worker, caught.

III

Now searchlight turn and we all eyes, with you;
Full glare on the corpse at home, clean and in state.
And silence glaze and freeze with your turbined light.
Insects and mites in this fan churn and eddy like snow,
While the tap drips, drips in the kitchen . . .
That gratitude
For toil expended in full love by the genius-strong
Makes common quiet here, and music waits,
Not uttered yet, vibration still unheard.

IV

Welders and diggers, puddlers of steel, millions
Strong, simple, disciplined,—the essential men:
Moulders, men who bend and heave, drivers of piles, span builders;
Mechanics, steady and daring, heroes without praise;
So many, we have never stopped to think how many, in the end
Lie ignored, quiet and stern, in their misery
Dead. Mighty millions in their misery dead.

V

Rest here, O Lamp. Fix this, so long ignored.
Flood-light illume this man, cast up from a sea—
Do you hear the sea breathing? Will you at least listen?
Yes, the wine-dark sea, with its kiss, sigh, susurrous breath;
Sea of world workers, toilers from far twilight,
BURST ON THE LENSES OF A LOOKING WORLD.

GENEVIEVE TAGGARD.

*This poem was composed as a script for film. The words should accompany the pictures on the sound track. First should come the page showing Wordsworth's poem, "Resolution and Independence," from which the title line is taken. Then pictures of Burns and Chatterton, with music from Chopin and Beethoven woven into the words of the poem. Part II suggests a sudden silence at the end of line 2, with nothing thereafter but the searchlight sweeping and the sounds suggested by log-jam, rush of gravel, and waves, which sounds mount to climax in part V.

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Hitler Was a Clown, Too

You Can't Say "Why Should We Bother?" to Red-Baiting

EARL BROWDER

Los Angeles

THE smell of the ancient putrid red herring hangs especially strong over California. It is the same old fish thrown at Jefferson, Jackson, and Lincoln, but today it has been put through the scientific laboratory of fascism and subjected to mass production for use against the New Deal and Roosevelt. In California all "yes-but" New Dealers are busily throwing the red, red herring in competition with the Dies committee. Poor little Shirley must be frightened, especially since the exposure of Donald Duck as secretly carrying a party card.

Some people still think, "Oh well, after all, let Browder and the Communists worry about the Red scare. We are not Reds or Communists, so why should we bother?"

But the trouble with this argument is that the Red scare is only incidentally directed against the Communist Party. In the first place, and above all, it is against the labor movement and the New Deal as a whole. The whole country laughs at the Dies committee, concluding Dies is merely a clown, a stupid fool. But it would be well to recall that Adolf Hitler was also a clown until he got power. Dies may be a fool, but clever, sinister powers direct his foolishness. They know quite well that not more than one out of twenty they name as Reds are really Communists. They spread accusations in the hope the nineteen non-Communists will be embarrassed and frightened and thereupon join hands with the Red-baiters against the one real Communist.

At this point the innocent brother again asks: "Suppose they did outlaw Communists? You are only a small party whose numbers would barely be missed in the great mass movement."

Here we arrive at the real point of the Red-baiters. Suppose you join the Red-baiters to get rid of the Communists and an embarrassing problem. Suppose you drive all 75,000 party members out of public life. Is the question ended? Not at all. When you enter the service of the Red-baiters you take on a hard taskmaster. Now the Red purge has only begun. They remind you: "You have only gotten rid of the open Communists. Now find and drive out the secret Communists." And who are the secret ones? Of course, there is only one way to find out. Look for everyone who advocates the same things the Communists were advocating and fighting for.

Now see the real picture. The Communists are fighting for the unity of labor and all the common people against the economic royalists—therefore all advocates of unity are suspected as Communists and must be driven out. The Communists supported the New Deal—therefore every active New Dealer is a secret Communist or dupe and must be purged. The Communists support the CIO and Lewis—away with them too. After the American Federation of Labor leaders help do this it will be discovered the Communists supported the federation also—off with their heads too. So long as you agree to purge the Communists you cannot escape the Red-baiters' logic. They will remind you that Communists fight against wage cuts—to escape the fate of the Communists you must accept lower wages. Soon you learn Communists fanatically favored three meals per day—you must now be content with two. Communists favored the Ten Commandments—now the churches must be purged. Communists supported science and art, cultivated them, drew nourishment from them—therefore purge the universities and burn books! Am I exaggerating? The Germans in 1932 would have regarded as exaggeration the mildest description of what Hitler has since done to a once cultured people.

A characteristic of Red-baiters in California is that most of them are supporting or flirting with the project promising a $30 pension every Thursday morning to all over fifty

Gardner Rea

"But is it quite fair to call Congressman Dies a prize ass, when you don't know whether he's ever won a prize or not?"

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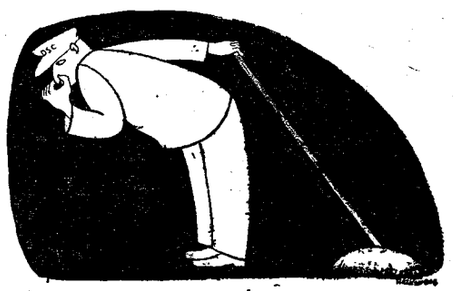
years. The same Red-baiters accuse the Communists of wanting to bankrupt and sabotage the capitalist system. Of course they have no intention of making a single step to carry out such a plan, any more than John D. M. Hamilton was sincere when he participated in the Colorado Republican convention's endorsement of the Townsend Plan. They deliberately try to manipulate the mass desire for old-age security, which our rich country could afford, into unworkable channels, expecting disillusionment will feed fascist tendencies and organizations. They are true apostles of chaos who drive toward civil conflict, provoke strikes, coddle Utopian illusions, even become apparently more radical than anyone else—but always with a knife directed against Roosevelt and the New Deal—and plan to split the progressive majority of people at all costs.

By the time this is in print the first stage of a nationally important California struggle will have culminated in the primaries. A gigantic test of strength will have been made between the forces of unity among the people for progress, democracy, and peace on one hand and the forces of division of the people, the forces of reaction, fascism, and war. On the eve of the primaries there are many signs of growing unity in the democratic camp. The best wishes of the nation's progressives are with their brothers in California.



Malman

Tory Campaign

"IN BEHALF of Senator George are big corporate interests which have their roots in paneled offices in the East. The Georgia Power Co., controlled from New York, has dominated Georgia politics for years. Its officers and employees in every town of any size are working for Senator George. . . .

"Senator George has long been regarded as a Senate spokesman of the power interests.

"Nor is the New Deal liked by the textile interests of this state which fought the Wagner Labor Act and still successfully resist union organization, with few exceptions. . . . The Georgia Textile Association, representing the textile magnates, is 100 percent for Senator George.

"Other business and industrial interests, according to reports, are very liberal with contributions, which move through secret channels that never will show on formal campaign reports to the Sheppard committee in Washington."—THOMAS L. STOKES, *New York "World-Telegram," August 22.*

Benson of Minnesota

The Farmer-Labor Party Faces the Elections

MERIDEL LeSUEUR

ON THE day of the primaries in Minnesota we had a three-hour preview of fascism. It was bad. It was frightening. You could see what it would mean not to have the Farmer-Labor Party in power as it has been since 1930. You could feel the determination of the tories to get back power so that they could smash the rapid growth of trade unions and shoot strikers on the street again. It was something you would never forget, that morning of the primaries, when the Minneapolis *Journal,* organ of big business, came out every hour with black streamers: BENSON DEFEATED—PETERSON LEADS OVER BENSON; when the radios announced that Peterson was leading, as the cities came in and as the small-town vote was recorded.

Everything seemed to change. Across the street from where I work is the building of the corn exchange and loan and insurance companies and a bank. That building seemed to get larger and faces appeared at the windows. It was as if, hourly, the conglomerate face of United States Steel, the chamber of commerce, the grain exchange, became visible in the street as they became convinced that Elmer Benson, leader of the Farmer-Labor Party, governor of Minnesota, was defeated. That morning, in those few indecisive hours we knew what a bulwark the Farmer-Labor Party was against the terrors of the angered lumber and wheat and steel barons of the state, now more and more alarmed by the real progress the Farmer-Labor Party has made in protecting the rights of the people of the state against further looting and plundering.

Governor Benson did not lose the primary. He won, but for a few hours before the farm vote came in, before the iron-range vote and the CIO and the docks and mines, we felt the menace of repression and terror that the return of the reactionary politicians would mean to the trade unions, to education, to liberal thought in Minnesota.

In those few hours you could see the fear on the faces of workers on the street cars early in the morning. By ten o'clock business men came down to the restaurants that were open and talked as if they had cream on their mustaches, with smiling lips. They ate heartily at noon, looking into the papers where it still said PETERSON GIVES BENSON A CLOSE RACE—and smiled their cat smile.

The liquor men and underworld gangsters were betting on Hennepin County and they felt pretty good too—the old pied-piper was back in Hamelin town playing his tune again. Now one heard out and out Jew-baiting, the kind that had marked Peterson's campaign. And also, of course, the Red-baiting, but the old red herring was pretty battered now.

The pattern of the Minnesota election is the pattern of the fight of progress against reaction taking place in the elections throughout the United States. It is the design of the new tactics of Wall Street, putting forth a new type of democracy, a new flag for fascism. The Republican Party is discredited. It can no longer come forward nationally with the slogans of Hoover or Landon. Locally, the Republicanism of Martin Nelson, who ran against Governor Benson in the last election in a campaign in which he called for vigilantes and used other thoroughly fascist tactics, is dead. The people will not swallow such a raw pill, so Republicanism is busy putting on a new face, getting young, "progressive" men, mouthing slogans of liberalism, even radicalism. In Minnesota the entire Republican Committee with the exception of one woman was replaced with such fresh unsullied timber. The Republicans ran four candidates in the primaries headed by tear-gas salesman Mayor George Leach of Minneapolis, but the younger Harold Stassen polled the vote that will run him against Governor Benson in the fall. The danger of such men as Stassen, with their glib appropriation of Socialistic phrases, is the same danger that Hitler was to the German people when he took over the expressions of the Social Democrats in order to achieve power. Stassen calls upon the Republican Party to wage a "crusade of the people," and rebukes Governor Benson for not carrying out the mandate of the late Farmer-Labor Gov. Floyd B. Olson!

Another tactic marking the elections is the wholesale raiding of the Farmer-Labor Party by the tories. They attempted to split the Farmer-Labor Party by throwing their votes to Hjalmar Peterson, whose candidacy was rejected by the Farmer-Labor convention, and who was Benson's closest opponent on the Farmer-Labor ticket. Over 40 percent of Peterson's votes frankly came from the "beat Benson at all cost" invaders of the Republican Party. Peterson himself appealed to the Republicans to vote for him and to defeat Benson. He issued a marked sample ballot suggesting that they could vote for him, Peterson, in the primaries and vote against him in the November election—with the purpose, of course, of uniting all farmer and anti-labor groups against the governor.

They failed in all these ruses because of

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the growing membership of the Farmer-Labor Party, its deepening roots in the struggles of the unemployed, the timber workers, the dock and mine workers, professionals, and farmers, with the growing consciousness of these groups that they can achieve protection of their rights only through united political action of all progressive and liberal forces.

The vote that put Benson in the lead was well above the highest primary vote ever given to any Farmer-Laborite in the party's twenty-year history, and this despite organized raiding by the Republicans, which gave the silk-stocking districts to the Farmer-Laborite Peterson!

Who is to oppose the new guise of the steel trust in Minnesota, this sheepskin liberalism that hopes rapidly to break the people's defense against fascism? Who is Elmer Benson?

He is a small, mild, bespectacled country banker from the town of Appleton, population 1,600, in the western part of the state, a center of farm country known for three generations as a hub of movements to fight the big Eastern monopolies that were swallowing the farmers.

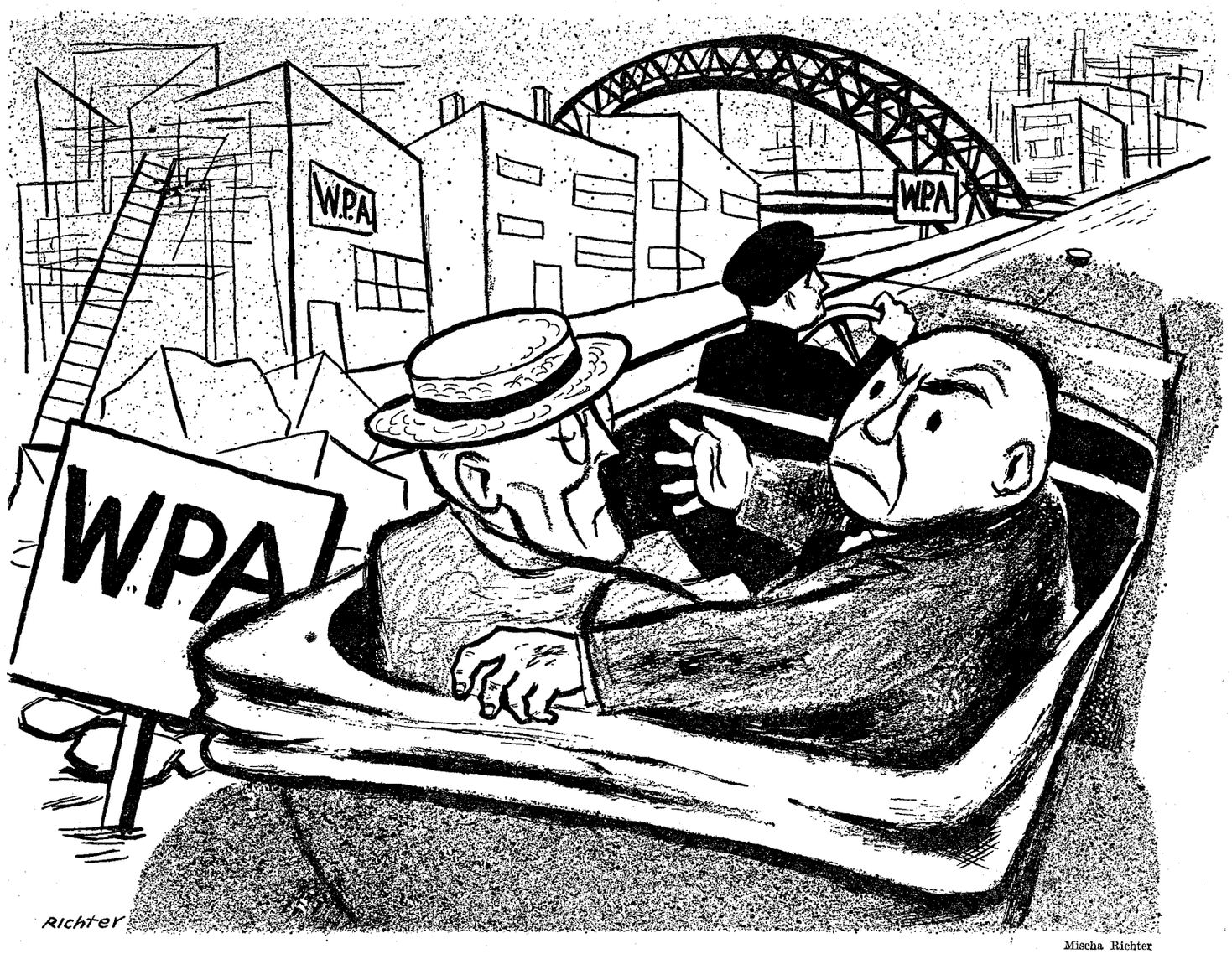
His father, a Norwegian, belonged to the Non-Partisan League. Like many of his countrymen in Minnesota, Benson carries forward those liberal and practical ideals of cooperation, curbing of monopoly capital, education for the masses, and protection of democratic rights.

When he returned from the AEF, after the war, he studied law, worked in a haberdashery, was for ten years cashier in the Appleton bank, and was appointed by Governor Olson, in 1933, to the State Banking Commission. When Senator Schall was killed in an accident, Benson was named to complete his term. During his six months in the Senate he introduced the American Youth Bill and a proposed Workers' Rights Amendment to the Constitution, and demanded that the La Follette Civil Liberties Committee include the investigation of the Black Legion, which was then spreading terror in Michigan and Ohio. At Olson's death Elmer Benson was elected governor.

Benson represents a type of leader that I think will be more and more accepted by the people in the future. It is possible that the American people, who have always liked a good speech and a bit of blarney, have had enough of the silver-tongued leaders who have so often led them into the river of oblivion. I remember once at a farm convention how the leaders walked out and there was a silence, then a farmer said, "Well, we will go ahead now with our business. We will go ahead without them."

It is possible that a new kind of leader will develop, pushed up from the mass of the people, instead of voting-time leaders as full of honey in election seasons as a beehive, leaders whose words are bought and sold like a commodity by the owners of the country.

At first everyone said Benson wasn't the talker that Floyd Olson was. When he gave his first speech at a Farmer-Labor convention, he couldn't even read acceptably. Today conviction and militancy have made him an honest, forceful, sincere speaker, whose words



Mischa Richter

"See, the whole country's going to the dogs!"

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are plain as homespun and as good as an ax to clear a forest.

But he is scarcely a smooth teller of stories. They say he has no tact, that he is too prone to say straight out what he means. When was this the earmark of a politician? Once, after a dinner at which the tories had made certain overtures, Benson left abruptly, without palaver or smooth talk, and there was a kind of fright in the eyes of those remaining. One man said, "But he makes no attempt to conciliate us. Doesn't he know our power?"

How can the Republican Party continue its habit of having a finger in every liberal pie, with such a man and the growing mass power of the Farmer-Labor Party? They see the day coming when liberal parties will mean what they say and they won't be able to buy reactionary legislatures to veto and neutralize a liberal governor.

No, Benson is a new kind of leader. He looks like a school superintendent, a small-town merchant, a practical man. He is blunt, excited by injustices, honest, without political blandishment or talent for horse trading and tavern deals. Some people interpret these virtues as simply a penchant for leading with the chin. To the workers and farmers, however, it is a pleasure. As a garment worker said to me, "Our governor is not so smooth. He speaks like an honest man, simple and plain so you can understand him. He isn't a great orator but that shows that the steel trust won't buy him up for his fine speaking!"

The *Saturday Evening Post* to the contrary, Benson is no Communist. He has seen the farmers of the Middle West hog-tied and delivered to Eastern capital, the land impoverished, the people left high and dry without bare necessities of life, and like all men with a strong sense of decency and justice, born of the democratic ideals of three generations, he cries out bitterly and militantly against these abuses. His good sense is seen in his statement of the aims of the Farmer-Labor Party:

> We hold that government exists to promote the material and spiritual welfare of the great majority and that the chief concern of government is the happiness of the individual, no matter how humble.
>
> We refuse to accept as final an order under which loss or threatened loss of farms and homes and livelihood, unemployment, and poverty continues in the midst of plenty.
>
> We maintain that production and distribution of wealth must be on the basis of satisfying social and human needs—not on the basis of pecuniary aggrandizement by a selfish few.
>
> We insist that all persons capable and willing to work are entitled to the right to work at decent wages and under decent conditions, and that unfortunates unable to work are also entitled to live as human beings.
>
> We demand a society in which war, unemployment, and poverty must be banished.

The mistakes Benson has made in the past are mistakes of his profession and his class, of underestimating the power of the deepest roots of the Farmer-Labor Party in the working class. Because of this he has thought it necessary to tolerate enemies in the Farmer-Labor ranks, remnants of loose fusions in the past; and he has not acted boldly in connection with the recent murders in Minneapolis of labor leaders connected with the Trotskyist-influenced truck drivers' union, Local 544.

Governor Benson says, "Republican opposition . . . prevented the realization of our complete program which would have shifted the taxes of home and farm to a tax on wealth." Yet, despite a hostile press and a reactionary legislature, Benson's administration has accomplished the following progressive measures: tax levy cut by more than one-fourth, a saving of $8,000,000 for the next biennium; Homestead Exemption Law which exempts city homes and farms from the state real-property levy, for the first $4,000 valuation; passage of a law to include practically all of the state's workers under the provisions of the Workman's Compensation Act; seed-loan bill for farmers; extension of mortgage moratorium and renewal of decreased interest rates on rural credit loans; refusal to renew the license of the anti-labor, notorious espionage organization of the Pinkerton National Detective Agency; exoneration, through the University Board of Regents, of Dr. William A. Schaper, victim of wartime hysteria when he opposed America's entry into the World War; initiation of the conference of farmers and farm leaders which adopted the Minnesota plan for agriculture, providing for a basic price for farm products, a pool to distribute unsold surpluses to the needy, a long-range plan to obviate the perils of farm tenantry, and refinancing of farm debts. In addition, the administration aided settlement of labor disputes on the basis of the rights of workers; took vigorous action against a handful of National Guard officers in Minneapolis for their anti-labor activities in connection with a strike; asked for an investigation of the hiring of labor spies and thugs by the Minneapolis Employers Association; established a five-day week for state employees; and prevented enactment of a law under which the state would have collected all *ad valorem* taxes on the iron range and redistributed them to the communities.

In the coming campaign, lines will be sharply drawn. Reaction is ready for a desperate revolt against democratic principles. Eastern capital is ready, as shown in the primaries, to pay good money to defeat Benson and the Farmer-Labor Party in the coming elections. The nomination, in the primaries, of state and congressional candidates by the Farmer-Labor Party, despite invasion by the Republicans, the split in their own ranks, and the large vote for Harold Stassen, was a tremendous victory and showed the loyalty of large sections of the people to those progressive aims of the New Deal and of Benson. But the fight in the fall will be a sharp one. The concentration of reaction against Benson will be tremendous. With big business' new strategy of taking advantage of the deepening crisis, blaming the "ins" for economic conditions, utilizing the tax situation, unemployment, the split in labor's ranks, the Trotskyist racketeering in the labor movement, and the definite sabotage within Farmer-Labor ranks against the endorsed ticket—using these things to confuse large sections of the rural population and the small-town business man, while bringing forward a new fascist flag and a new type of demagogic leader such as Harold Stassen—the danger to the Farmer-Labor program and the New Deal in Minnesota is very serious.

Another danger is the developing sectarian trends in every section of the liberal movement in the state, which mitigates against that necessary democratic unity without which the powerful offensive of monopoly capital cannot be stopped.

Benson says: "We of the Farmer-Labor Party believe that progress in the direction of more widespread benefits to all the people is possible and we have a definite program to bring these betterments about. The conservatives hope to snatch victory from the progressive cause by dividing their ranks and creating confusion. If progressives are alert and hold their ranks together and present a united front against the common enemy, they can look forward to next November with confidence and assurance that the people will give them the mandate to go ahead with the reforms needed to bring about social and economic justice."

The people of Minnesota must rally behind Benson and the Farmer-Labor Party in a strong anti-fascist fight, a fight which is one with that of Roosevelt and the New Deal for defense against the sitdown of capital, along democratic lines for specific needs such as housing, better wages and hours, unemployment security, Supreme Court reform, etc.

The Communist Party of Minnesota, without selfish political aims, fights to defeat the pro-fascist Stassen, the tory in liberal disguise, and stands solidly and powerfully behind Elmer Benson. It calls for unity to supersede *every* consideration, unity of *all* democratic forces in the state, to keep Benson and the Farmer-Labor Party in power against the rising tide of reaction.

★ ★ ★

Face at the Window

Be assured it was not written
that I have legal concourse with your body.
Wraiths like you were not begotten
to be put to sleep in blankets of cotton-
shoddy.

Excessively you shine in the night club;
frank cynosure of globed and bilious eyes.
Your death-sweat shall not wet a slab
in the morgue for the ironic world to spy.

Although your arrogant flesh and hot-house
mind
heap insult in my cupped and callous fingers,
forget it lady. All I now demand
is a look to feed the fire-box of my anger.

C. F. MacIntyre.

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William Gropper

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NEW MASSES
ESTABLISHED 1911

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Disrupters of Labor

THE executive council of the American Federation of Labor continues rowing desperately against the current of progress. In the boat with William Green and his colleagues are George H. Davis, president of the United States Chamber of Commerce, and every other reactionary who would destroy the organized labor movement and cripple the New Deal.

The events of the past week show how completely the AF of L executive council has embraced reaction. Almost simultaneously, both Davis and Green attacked the Wagner act; Green even intimated that President Roosevelt saw eye to eye with him. The President, however, at once rebuffed Green by reappointing Donald W. Smith to the Labor Board over Green's protest. While the Dies committee was frightening little children with the specter of Shirley Temple concealing bombs under her pinafore, Green turned down an invitation to attend the Latin-American Trade Union Congress which, he said, was led by "internationally known Communists or extreme leftists." To Roosevelt's condemnation of Senator George, Green countered with an endorsement—to the very vocal disgust of the federation's rank and file. The signing of a contract between the United Mine Workers and the hitherto diehard open-shoppers of Harlan, Ky., was sufficient cause for Green to charge the NLRB with dishonesty. As West Coast warehousemen were locked out by the employers, Green's executive council set up an *industrial* union to enlist all seagoing and dock workers—thereby instituting dual unionism on the waterfront and incidentally helping the anti-union offensive. The New York State Federation followed the executive council's lead. Dominated by Joseph P. Ryan (Tammany henchman and czar of the East Coast longshoremen), the New York convention attacked the Wagner act and slung mud at the American Labor Party. The ALP, so the convention resolved, was "Communistic" "CIO-dominated," and "hostile to the AF of L." Significantly, the rank and file of the federation rebelled at this disruption of labor's political unity. AF of L members of the ALP protested; local unions went on record condemning the convention's stand.

Defense Through Unity

IN THE face of these anti-union attacks, organized labor in America can protect itself only by building still greater unity of action, both organizationally and politically. Two major developments of the past week pointed this basic lesson. In San Francisco, the CIO International Longshoremen's and Warehousemen's Union was locked out by the employers. The lockout was deliberately planned: a box-car loaded at a struck Woolworth warehouse and declared "hot" by the union was shunted here and there as an excuse to close warehouses when workers refused to unload the car. The union offered to arbitrate the dispute, to negotiate the Woolworth and Hiram Walker strikes, now in progress. But the owners stalled, and continued to close warehouses. Yet the employers are by no means of one mind: a certain group acknowledges that unions are here to stay and that the problem is how to weaken the unions without engaging in a frontal attack. While the owners wrangle in the Committee of 43, the press misrepresents the facts of the lockout to the general public. Yet, no matter whether the more subtle strategy of the younger "progressives" wins over those who still want to smash the union by brute force, the lockouts herald another of the periodic attacks which are designed to break the West Coast unions and cancel the benefits gained by workers over the past four years.

The provocation is not unconnected with the coming primaries in California. Similarly, the crisis in the United Automobile Workers Union handicaps the campaign of New Deal Gov. Frank Murphy. Into the breach caused by Homer Martin, the CIO has now stepped with a compromise proposal that can end factionalism, restore labor unity, and strengthen labor's political power.

The CIO plan, supported wholeheartedly by John L. Lewis, is a sensible and immediate solution to the controversy. What Lewis and the CIO propose is the reinstatement of the expelled officers and the holding in abeyance of all disputes until the next UAW convention in 1939 can settle them in a democratic manner. If disputes arise before that time and cannot be adjusted by UAW officials, the matter shall be taken for decision to the CIO. And the CIO's ruling shall, of course, be final.

The expelled officers naturally accepted the compromise without hesitation. The enthusiasm for it was instantaneous among the overwhelming majority of the rank and file in the auto union. Only Homer Martin, under the influence of Jay Lovestone and the Trotskyites, continues to demur. Martin has been busy sounding out what the reaction of the few locals dominated by him would be if he rejected the plan. He has already attacked John L. Lewis, the CIO, and the proposed peace. Nevertheless, as we go to press, he has not yet shown the temerity openly to repudiate the plan. A refusal to accept would isolate him once and for all from the membership. It would, in addition, amount to a final betrayal of the UAW and the entire labor movement.

Still Worse

AFTER May 21, it did not seem possible for the European situation to become any worse, but it has. The only doubtful element in the position today is the very deliberateness with which the new crisis has been arranged. A public announcement from the Henlein headquarters orders civil war in the Sudeten regions under the thin guise of "self-defense." A heavily publicized tour by Hitler of the German fortifications on the French frontier accompanies the obvious breakdown of the Runciman negotiations. The tories of Great Britain, masters in the art of deceiving public opinion, drop all pretense of official optimism, insist upon the immediate peril of war and order their Home Fleet into fighting-stations for the next, critical month.

But there is need to look beyond the obvious manifestations of the crisis. German fascism is playing its old game in a new way. The threat of war used to be enough to blackmail some big powers and some small ones into humiliating submission. Today there needs to be actual mobilization for war, all the trappings of battle. This deliberate, slow-motion provocation of war mobilizations by half a dozen powers, whether annouced or not, is the most desperate play in the game thus far. The Nazis have not stopped counting on the Chamberlain government. Britain maintained tense relations with Italy as the proper atmosphere for the Hoare-Laval sellout three years ago—how could such a deal be possible when both powers were hardly on speaking terms?—and the same raw deal is possible again.

But the present circumstances have done two things to the system of blackmail. The forces of war have to be brought into fighting position but then it is doubtful whether they can be controlled. The stakes—in this

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case Czechoslovakia—have risen so that the very balance of power on the continent is involved. A Germany which could crush Czechoslovakia now and then gorge itself on Eastern Europe for the next two or three years unhindered would be in a favorable position to deal with the big democratic powers later on. This pattern of blackmail, no matter how changed in its application, can still be met by complete and collective resistance. The game is still the same but the time is running short; the next play promises to bring the spectators onto the field.

Jobs and Health

THE most telling argument for extending WPA and for an adequate national health program is contained in a report just published by the Public Health Survey. Of the employable persons now idle in this country, the report finds that over 300,000 could not return to work because of illness. Yet, the survey points out, "Medical authorities agree that much of America's illness is preventable."

Most significant in the findings is the fact that the highest proportion of those between fifteen and sixty-four years of age who are disabled by illness are the aged, the unskilled, and those with low incomes. These groups, threatening always to become permanent public charges, are cut off from adequate medical care and hospitalization by lack of facilities and the high price of medical attention. It follows, as George Perrott, director of the survey pointed out, that "controllable factors such as medical care, hospitalization, and improved housing would appreciably cut the illness rate for a large part of our population."

In addition, the number of jobless affected by the common cold, bronchitis, and influenza is twice as high as among the employed. To every two employed workers afflicted by nervous and mental diseases, seventeen who are unemployed are disabled. Similarly the lower the family income, the greater is the toll of disease.

The moral is obvious. The need today in America, if only in terms of national health, is for more WPA jobs, higher wage standards, better housing, more and cheaper medical facilities for the masses. The National Health Program incorporates these demands. And the Communist Party stresses them in its platform for the coming elections.

Ninety in the Shade

ALTHOUGH the thoughtful admonition of Al Capone, uttered in the federal clink at Alcatraz, for the American people to beware of Communism, has fallen on deaf ears, the good word is still going from mouth to mouth. The latest hoarse Isaiah to ring the welkin is August Heckscher, one of the favorite stock characters of the New York *Times,* described in that gazette as a "financier and philanthropist." On the occasion of his ninetieth birthday, Mr. Heckscher gave the reporters a drink and announced that he remembers when "this used to be a great country." Lest his listeners might think he referred to the administration of Ulysses S. Grant, he pinned the period down to the day "before we had the income tax."

"For seventy years I didn't pay anything to amount to anything, but now we have nothing left," sobbed the nonagenarian altruist, drawing a nonagenarian doodle on the champagne order for his birthday party. The good, gray prophet of doom saved a solemn chord for last. "So many people are being told they should work less that Communism is rather serious." Mr. Heckscher thought fascism did not threaten us, "but we might go Communistic—it looks so easy. But I think a man should work hard while he is able—not slave, but work. I think that's what we're here for." Among those present was Theodore Roosevelt, Mr. Heckscher's twenty-year-old Maltese poodle, his constant companion and adviser through the trying days of the income tax.

Nine to Pick From

FACED with the certainty that the new proposed New York State constitution would be rejected by the voters if it were presented to the voters as a unit, the Constitutional Convention yielded to popular protest and submitted the document in nine parts. However, a last-minute attempt to secure a reversal of the Republican-Tammany action in barring proportional representation failed. In addition to the proportional representation ban, there are at least two other amendments in the constitution that attack democratic rights: the reapportionment proposal, under which the 60 percent of the state's population living in New York City receive only 40 percent of the seats in the legislature, and the one dealing with the judiciary, which would give the courts the power to review and override, with certain exceptions, any finding of a judicial or quasi-judicial administrative agency. Another amendment that should be definitely defeated is that which relieves the railroads of the obligation to pay 50 percent of the cost of the elimination of grade crossings. Under the amendment they would pay a maximum of 15 percent, with the rest of the expense borne by the taxpayers.

Only two of the nine proposals that will be submitted to the voters can be unequivocally supported by progressives: labor's bill of rights and the amendment permitting the state to establish an integrated social welfare system. As we pointed out editorially in last week's issue, the housing amendment has many serious shortcomings, while that relating to transit unification in New York City is also of doubtful value. Unfortunately, the amendment barring discrimination in civil rights because of race, color, creed, or religion has been grouped with a large number of miscellaneous proposals, some of which are definitely reactionary.

All in all, the results of the Constitutional Convention, which was controlled by a coalition of tory Republicans and Tammany Democrats, are far from impressive. Submission of the proposed new charter by sections will, however, permit the people to save what little of positive value it contains.

Extending Security

CONGRESSIONAL tax leaders are reported to be planning to meet this month to consider extension of the Social Security Act. This is good news. The economic crisis has helped spotlight the serious shortcomings of the act and speed efforts to improve it. In his address on the recent third anniversary of the Social Security Act, President Roosevelt indicated that the New Deal is aware of these defects and is determined, despite reactionary opposition, to move forward along the path of greater social protection for the common people of the country.

> What we are doing is good [said the President]. But it is not good enough. To be truly national, a social security program must include all those who need its protection. Today many of our citizens are still excluded from old-age insurance and unemployment compensation because of the nature of their employment. This must be set aright; and it will be.

The two largest groups now excluded are agricultural laborers and domestic servants. They are among the groups most urgently in need of social insurance. No time should be lost in extending to them the benefits of the Social Security Act.

There is, however, one disturbing note in the news concerning plans for improving the Social Security Act. Efforts are being made to link these plans with proposals for broadening the income tax base. Too large a proportion of the taxes is already being paid by the masses of the people. The method of financing the Social Security Act certainly needs overhauling, but of a very different kind from that contemplated by the tory tax experts. Instead of the present payroll tax, which cuts into purchasing power at a time when it needs to be increased, the entire cost of social insurance should be borne by the government and by those who profit most from our present social order. What

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President Roosevelt has called "the great nationwide frontier of insecurity, of human want and fear" cannot be conquered without seriously undertaking the removal of the inequities in the Social Security Act.

Roosevelt on Labor Day

ON LABOR DAY President Roosevelt will tell the voters of Maryland and the nation why he thinks Sen. Millard Tydings should be retired from public life and Rep. David J. Lewis chosen as the Democratic standard-bearer in the state primaries. The chief editorial writer of that once honorable newspaper, the Baltimore *Sun,* is undoubtedly gathering his choicest verbal grapeshot and preparing to sally forth in the name of Jefferson Davis and Stonewall Jackson to repel this Yankee invasion. It is fitting that the President has chosen to make this important address on Labor Day, for in this primary Maryland labor stands united, with both the AF of L and the CIO supporting Representative Lewis. It is fitting, moreover, because in the nationwide struggle that is developing in this year's elections labor's role is decisive in achieving that unity of all progressive forces which is the bone and sinew of victory.

The reactionaries are demonstrating an understanding of this question which might well be emulated by the progressives. Theodore Roosevelt (the Little) has joined the ranks of the Republicans who have thrown their support to Rep. John J. O'Connor, Tammany's hatchet-man on the House Rules Committee. And despite Roosevelt's strong condemnation of the Republican tactic of packing Democratic primaries in those states where this is permissible under the law, Mark Sullivan, in last Sunday's New York *Herald Tribune,* urges a continuation of this practice and presents a blueprint for effecting bi-partisan tory unity in every state in the Union. Sullivan's article is particularly illuminating in view of the cry raised in the conservative press that the President is placing men on his "purge list" merely because they differed with him on a single issue, notably the Court-reform plan—though Roosevelt in his fireside chat specifically disclaimed any such intention. For Sullivan proposes that the sole criterion for supporting or opposing a candidate in the primary or final elections should be his attitude toward the Court plan.

With the Republicans and right-wing Democrats using every kind of political trickery to confuse and divide the masses of the people, it does not seem particularly astute for New Deal spokesmen to lose any sleep over the fact that WPA workers are contributing financially to the efforts of their organization, the Workers Alliance, to elect progressive candidates. Americans do not surrender their rights as citizens by going on WPA. And they are at least as much entitled to further their own economic and political interests as the Wall Street gentlemen who bestow the golden fullness of their blessing on the Tydingses, O'Connors, and Georges.

Baked to Death

THE International Labor Defense informs us that conditions at the Philadelphia County Prison at Holmesburg can be duplicated in many American jails, but one lesson is horrible enough. Four prisoners were literally baked to death last week as "punishment" for leading a hunger strike. Such brutality is shocking under any circumstances. It is all the more so when you consider the background of the strike as reported by a former inmate of Holmesburg. Prisoners are beaten cruelly on the slightest provocation, worked in the prison shops until they drop, given food "even a dog wouldn't eat." Complain to a guard about the roach poison with which your food is sprayed and off you go to solitary. Kick about your bug-juice (spaghetti) and you'll get beat up so the man beside you won't recognize you. If you don't go deaf from the noise of the machines in the weave shop, you try to smash your hand in a machine so that you can be removed from the shop. You freeze in the cells because they have no radiators. But in the Klondike they have radiators all around the walls. "When they turn the heat on, nobody could live for long." Full justice should be done to those who turned the heat on those four hunger strikers. And it's high time that we did something about torture chambers masquerading as county jails.

Japan's Two Ways of Losing

THE Japanese have met two types of reverses in China, the direct defeat and the pyrrhic victory. Taierhchwang was an example of the first, Suchow of the second. Hankow's astonishing resistance belongs to the second type, and it probably heads the list. Japan's progress has been phenomenally slow; unless the drive along the Yangtze picks up next month, it will have proved the super-colossal failure of the war.

First the Japanese thought that they had to take Kiukiang to capture Hankow. They tugged and pulled for more than a month before Kiukiang and finally took possession of the town. The outlook did not change a bit because then Jiuchang barred the way. So they went to work on Jiuchang and that was to be the second end of Hankow. Another month and they occupied Jiuchang. All they got was another town, for they are still fighting an inch-by-inch war along the Yangtze.

Double-Ledger Diplomacy

SECRETARY HULL'S second note to Mexico has had some curious reactions. Some papers insisted that the note was really very mild, the sort of thing one good neighbor would write to another. Others felt that the State Department had put the Mexican government in an unenviable but unavoidable position, because the whole of international morality would otherwise totter. A guilty conscience accounts for both views.

The note itself was characterized by a great display of mock surprise and self-anointed virtue. With many more words than necessary, it argued that a "universally recognized principle of the law of nations" makes it obligatory upon Mexico to give "prompt" and "adequate" payment for properties taken in the last few months. It had the tone of the preacher who knows that the hand behind his back holds a pretty thick birch. Interest in or knowledge of the concrete human circumstances which led the Mexican government to expropriate native and foreign properties is completely lacking throughout the document.

Japan confiscated slightly less than one-half of all American investments in China in the first year of the war. The rebels have not paid a cent for properties owned by Americans in Franco Spain. The United States refuses to sell arms to the legal, republican government of Spain despite a "universally recognized principle of the law of nations." Why should we treat Mexico so differently from Japan and Italy and Germany? Why should we adopt such an inflexible "morality" toward our neighbor to the south when we conduct ourselves as a nation so shabbily, so immorally toward the aggressor powers? This is double-ledger diplomacy with a vengeance.

Whatever moral issues are involved in the dispute with Mexico are not on our side. Mexico's people need land to live, need to reclaim the resources of their own country to deepen their democracy. For centuries, Mexico's people and land were pillaged by foreigners, not least among whom were speculators from the United States. This made her poor; this created the vicious circle whereby poverty makes it impossible to escape from poverty. It was not immoral for the Mexican government to take the land, offer to pay when able, offer to negotiate the payment. Theirs is the higher morality and we as a people cannot afford this double standard, whereby we hinder democracies in their struggle for a better life and encourage fascist dictatorships in their aggressions.

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Forsythe's Page

The Hines Trial

ATTENTIVE readers of these columns will recall my obsession with the famous trial of Warren Hastings, which I unfortunately was not able to attend. It took place in London before the House of Lords and is still remembered by persons like myself who are eternally fascinated by court procedure and the clash of legal wits. The hope that the present trial of Jimmy Hines would in some way approach the ideal of what a great case should be has not been fulfilled. It has received the attention of an Event, but the principals are not up to standard.

For those few Americans who are not alert to history, I may say that James J. Hines, the Tammany leader, is being tried for conspiring with the late Dutch Schultz and others in the illegal "numbers" racket. For such services as fixing judges and calling off the police, Hines is alleged to have shared in the profits of the gang and been a partner in the enterprise. The case is being tried before Justice Ferdinand Pecora of the Supreme Court of the State of New York, and the newspapers have been printing pages about it daily.

Perhaps age has something to do with it but I have been unable to get the same excitement out of the Hines case as I did out of the trial of Lieutenant Becker, which was the last great criminal trial affecting the political fortunes of New York. Through that trial moved such fabulous figures as Lefty Louie and Gyp the Blood. Mention has been made in the Hines case of Abadaba and others but they somehow do not seem to be enough. Poor Abadaba died in a gang ride long before his name became famous and his existent pals along Broadway can only bask in his glory, knowing that from whatever heavenly gate he is now watching, Abadaba must be experiencing the glow which comes to a punk who has been suddenly cast into the limelight. For Abadaba was certainly a poor punk who never anticipated that fame would reach him.

The case is being prosecuted by Tom Dewey, the district attorney, and a staff which has had unprecedented success in closing prison gates about sundry gentlemen who formerly lived at the Waldorf-Astoria and were regarded as substantial citizens in cafe society of New York. Their activities as bootleggers, white slavers, and blackmailers had never previously been held reprehensible by solid burghers who sat elbow to elbow with them in the night spots and were charmed by the notion that they were taking part in life. Lucky Luciano and his associates will be absent from us for a considerable period, thanks to Mr. Dewey and his ardent staff.

However, the Hines case is another matter, involving a preponderance of politics which makes the trial a struggle between personalities as well as a criminal cause. Acting upon the precedent of Mr. Whitman, who used his position as prosecutor in the Becker case to vault into the chair of governor of New York, Mr. Dewey is thrown, whether he wants to be or not, into a situation where his court moves are suspected of being part of his election campaign. The Republican Party has not helped the cause of justice by allowing it to be known that upon the outcome of the trial will depend the fate of their ticket in the next gubernatorial race. The situation is further complicated by the fact that Mr. Hines, whether *he* wants it or not, is regarded as a symbol of Tammanyism in the trial. It is therefore regarded in the more sophisticated circles as a political battle in which the issue of conspiracy is incidental.

There is the additional complication that Justice Pecora has been mentioned as a possibility for the Democratic nomination for governor. Newspapers have not hesitated to hint that the charge by Mr. Dewey, during the first week of the trial, that Justice Pecora was showing more consideration for attorney Stryker of the Hines staff than for the public prosecutor was merely an indication of the political rivalry between the prosecutor and the judge. In my opinion, this could be true without altering the merits of the case. Justice Pecora seems to be adhering meticulously to the legal formalities, with an eye to avoiding any error which might lead to a reversal, and Mr. Dewey is faced with the proposition of proving his conspiracy. I understand that both judges and prosecutors in France are civil-service appointees with life tenure, thus taking them out of politics, and such a situation would be excellent in the Hines trial. Whether it would be good as a permanent policy I am not so sure, for I am informed that because their interests are so closely tied up with the need of keeping things as they are, the legal minions of the French bar are among the most reactionary of mortals. However, the political implications of the Hines case are not good for the purposes of justice and no one is likely to deny it.

The legal conflict proceeds at an even pace in the courtroom but outside a tableau has been enacted which is fascinating to anyone who knows how such things are arranged. I refer to the publicity campaign in behalf of the Hines family. There had been an indication of it from the time the indictment was handed down, but it burst forth in full panoply with the start of the trial. There were first the interviews with Mrs. Hines. The young ladies who are ordinarily concerned with high society found themselves with assignments in the upper West Side, the Hines precinct. The stories were well done and revealed what must necessarily be the truth: Mrs. Hines is a fine woman and a good wife and mother. Mr. Hines arrived in court on the first day smilingly confident. The gesture was amazingly effective and when it was followed by the daily trips to court of the Hines sons and daughters-in-law, it was evident that public opinion was being influenced. The picture in which the sons, wives, and mother were shown climbing the steps of the courthouse, abreast, could only have been arranged. People do not walk in that straight-line fashion, with faces smiling, and with no sign of another figure anywhere on the broad steps.

It takes something less than a giant intellect to understand that a publicity agent is behind it all. Such things don't just happen and it has been proved over years of experiment that not even the cleverest interested party is a match in public psychology with the professional molder of opinion. However true it may be that in the weeks before a trial the defendant gets all the worst of it in the press, it is hardly possible that the Hines family can complain about the treatment since.

The interesting thing about Jimmy Hines is that the rumors of his tie-up with the racketeers have been flying around Broadway for years, being accepted as gospel by men who were supposed to be in a position to know. The trial, to them, takes on the fascination of a puzzle. They know what they know and yet they see that the matter of proving the facts is not at all simple. The difficulty lies in the character of the prosecution witnesses. Since it would be impossible to prove that a man conspired with crooks for illegal purposes without using the crooks as witnesses, nearly everybody Mr. Dewey calls to the stand is under a cloud. Even the most astute jury (as this blue-ribbon group is assumed to be) is called upon to determine at what

Soriano

District Attorney Dewey

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precise instant such men as George Weinberg and the famous Pompez are telling the truth. Not only has Weinberg a record as a crook, convict, and gangster, but he admits that he perjured himself while testifying in preliminary hearings before the grand jury on this present case. On his behalf it can be said that he has also had a problem. The record of the Dewey staff with previous convictions in similar cases was enough to give Weinberg pause. If the protection which he had counted on to get him free of the present difficulty failed, he was certainly on a spot. The protection did fail, and he was arrested in Philadelphia with Dixie Davis, reputed to have been Dutch Schultz's attorney. Faced with that situation, Weinberg turned state's evidence to save himself.

On his direct testimony before the jury, Weinberg told a detailed story of contacts with Hines between 1932 and 1935. He told of having paid over to Hines a fixed salary of $500 and of having given extra sums to be used in the election campaign of William C. Dodge, Tammany candidate for district attorney in 1933. In return for this, Weinberg testified, Hines had agreed to "take care" of troublesome police and of magistrates before whom racket employees might be haled. Five of the most damaging incidents related by Weinberg were supposed to have taken place during the spring and summer of 1932 at Hines' home at 444 Central Park West. On cross-examination, Mr. Stryker for the defense produced leases to prove that Hines had not moved to that location until Oct. 1, 1932.

It is at this point in the testimony of any witness that my sympathy begins to work. My memory for dates is such that I would most certainly go to the chair if it depended upon me getting even a year straight. A month or a day would be impossible. The blow to Weinberg's testimony was great and all he could say was that he might be wrong about the dates but "I still believe I was there. That's my best recollection." Mr. Stryker naturally made the most of all this since his best defense is to throw doubt upon both the accuracy and veracity of prosecution witnesses. The extent to which the trial is considered a political struggle is to be found in the presence of Max Steuer, famed lawyer who is regarded as the legal brains of Tammany and as the man responsible for the selection of Stryker to handle the defense.

Dewey temporarily broke up the attack upon Weinberg by calling Dudley Brothwell, riding master of Fairfield, Conn., to the stand. He testified in a bored manner to the effect that Hines had accompanied Dutch Schultz to his riding academy in the summer of 1935. He pointed out Hines in open court and was not swayed from his story even under the most strenuous cross-examination by Stryker.

But whatever the verdict may be and no matter what J. Richard (Dixie) Davis or Hines himself may testify, the boys around Broadway are laughing. They've known about Tammany for years; they've dealt with Tammany; and yet look how Stryker is pulling the old herrings across the trail! Funnier yet is what is happening in Harlem in the policy racket. Right at the height of the trial, the business has been booming. The pennies and nickels and dollars are piling in. Because why? Because the people know the racket is honest for a change! Under an honest deal, the racketeers get 40 percent of the take. In the days before the Hines trial, that wasn't enough for them. They crooked the thing up in addition. Dutch Schultz and his mob wanted theirs; the guys who were protecting them demanded theirs; the idea of paying the poor suckers who bought the numbers tickets was dumb, anyhow.

For my part I would prefer seeing characters of greater importance crossing the stage. Even Hines is not much as a figure. They build him up in the papers, they drag in the children and Mother Hines; they have pictures of Jimmy as a blacksmith, Jimmy as a good guy, Jimmy playing with the kids. When he goes down on Long Island for the week end, they have demonstrations for him. People come up and shake hands right in front of the camera; there are cheers; little girls hand Jimmy bouquets. They have stories about Jimmy and the glad hand, Jimmy passing out money to the poor, giving a ton of coal to the poor, holding court at his club, passing out favors, awarding jobs, distributing charity. Hines is the last of the great sachems of Tammany. They robbed the people and gave back to the people—but always with a little rakeoff for handling the transaction. It was always amazing how little trickled back but the gesture was good. It showed that Tammany had a heart.

Years ago Lincoln Steffens discovered that the biggest crooks were invariably the nicest people. A political boss has to be a square shooter with his own people or he is not boss for long. The history of Tammany and of every other political machine has been filled with charming bandits who gave a picnic once a year and spent the rest of the time robbing the city. Jimmy Hines is a nice guy and they are betting even money along Broadway that he beats the rap in this case. No matter what the verdict, however, it will be another blow at Tammany. They can't stand many more.

As for the trial, I am disappointed. It may help if they get Hope Dare on the stand and inject a little S.A., but nothing could really save the thing for me but the reappearance of Abbadabba. It would be eerie but it would be nice.

ROBERT FORSYTHE.

"Damn that fellow Roosevelt!" Ned Hilton

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Teachers Defend Democracy

A Report on the AF of T Convention

SAMUEL SILLEN AND OBED BROOKS

Cedar Point, Ohio.

THIS year's convention of the American Federation of Teachers demonstrated to all observers that the teacher who holds a union card is alert to the problems of his profession, deeply concerned about the preservation of a democratic society, and keenly aware of the need to expand and unify the American labor movement. He knows that a program of federal aid to education must be initiated at once if extensive areas in this country are not to be doomed to illiteracy. He fights for academic freedom as vigorously as he does for tenure laws, salary increases, and democratic school administration. He calls upon his government to lift the embargo against republican Spain. He supports progressive political organizations like Labor's Non-Partisan League and the American Labor Party. He goes on record in favor of industrial unionism, and, realizing that the split in the labor movement plays into the hands of reaction, the union teacher urges the executive council of the AF of L, of which the AF of T is an affiliate, to reopen unity negotiations with the CIO.

The American teacher, in convention assembled, reflects the upsurge of the labor movement. In less than two years, the membership of the AF of T has doubled, and the present estimated enrollment of forty thousand is five times the membership of the union in 1933. In Chicago alone, more than four thousand members were added in the past year, and two-thirds of Chicago's teachers are now organized. In New York steady progress has been made, notably in the establishment of a college teachers' local with a membership approaching one thousand. In the Wisconsin, Minnesota, and Iowa area, eight new locals have been organized. In the South, the first Virginia local of Negro teachers has been established, while Atlanta, Ga., maintained its record of more than a thousand union members. Harvard and Goose Creek, Tex., sent representatives to this twenty-second convention who were equally enthusiastic about the union.

In the past, sectional differences have tended to foster an atmosphere of disunity. Chicago has been the leader of a conservative group which included most of Ohio, Illinois, and Indiana. New York's Local 5 has been the leader of the most progressive bloc in the union. In this year's convention, too, there was plenty of disagreement. Few candidates were unopposed, and the voting was close. Differences on specific social issues, such as a program for peace, were vigorously discussed. A handful of Trotskyites attempted to cement a conservative bloc. They were the most vociferous opponents of such outstanding progressives as Jerome Davis, Charles Hendley of New York, Mercedes Nelson of Minnesota. But the keynote of this convention, sounded by President Davis in his opening speech, was unity, and all efforts at disruption were unavailing. This has very definitely been a unity convention. It is significant that Lillian Herstein of Chicago, in congratulating her successful opponent for the presidency, Professor Davis, asserted that while in former years there had been a great deal of *talk* about unity, this year marked the realization in practice of an ideal which all sections of the union share.

The reelection of Jerome Davis will be welcomed by all progressive friends of the labor movement. He has done a splendid job. His presidential speech at this convention was a model of clarity and realism. Having just conducted a tour of Europe, Professor Davis was in a position to describe the momentous threat of war and fascism to everything for which American teachers stand. "We must do our utmost," Davis insisted, "to build unity within our own organization. In so doing we shall be setting an example which may aid all supporters of democracy to join hands in the common struggle for freedom, truth, and justice. If we recognize the necessity of unity within our own ranks, we can surely see that it is just as necessary within the field of the labor movement. Our convention must continue to lend its weight toward bringing the divisions of the labor movement into a unified whole."

The union's fight against reaction has been most dramatically waged on the ever shifting battlefront of academic freedom. In his admirable report to the convention, the chairman of the academic-freedom committee, Mr. Arnold Shukotoff, stressed the fact that "where the forces of freedom united their strength, there significant victories occurred," and he pointed out that real headway has been made in cooperative action by the National Education Association, the American Association of University Professors, and the AF of T. During the past year, the Chicago teachers defeated the Johnson Vocational Plan, an attempt to curtail freedom of thought by vocationalizing the high schools to the extent of 80 per cent and a semi-fascist attempt to secure free "learner's" labor for manufacturers in the area. Tenure laws were won by teachers in seven states. The University of Minnesota reinstated Prof. William A. Schaper, dismissed during the war hysteria for being "a rabid pro-German." In atoning for this past mistake, the university issued a statement guaranteeing freedom to members of the faculty in teaching their subjects, in the choice of research materials, and in the exercise of their rights as citizens outside the classroom.

The appointment of Granville Hicks as an extra-curricular counselor at Harvard was hailed as a notable advance in extending educational freedom. The convention gave President Davis an enthusiastic rising ovation when it was announced that he had been appointed as professor in an Eastern university whose name has not yet been publicly revealed. These two appointments destroy the fiction that once a man is dismissed in an academic-freedom case, he can be eternally blacklisted by reactionary administrators. Hicks was dismissed from Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute, a relatively small college, and he was appointed by a great university. And the relatively small university which appointed Davis did not hesitate to measure its judgment against that of Yale, from which Davis was unfairly dismissed.

Delegates cheered the announcement that during the past year the organized teachers of Flint, Mich., have financially supported two teachers dismissed for union activity. Another ovation greeted the New Orleans teachers who successfully resisted an attempt to pass a new type of loyalty-oath law which would compel all public employees to take an oath of allegiance. At the same time, it was recognized that there has been an increase in the effort of reactionary legislators, "patriotic" societies, backward school boards, and big-business lobbies to curtail funds and gag teachers. The convention was fully aware of the threat of Mayor Hague, for example, and passed a strong resolution condemning his vicious anti-labor policies.

A striking impression which any impartial observer of this convention must have received was the community of interest between the specialized problems of teachers and the American public as a whole. In every discussion, the question of public benefit was just as prime a consideration as that of professional benefit. "How can the schools help America?" was the dominant problem of the convention. This gives the lie to the charge that unionization of the professions is a threat to public service because it makes the teacher or newspaper man, social worker or municipal employee, subservient to his union rather than to the community interest. On the contrary, the conclusion seemed inescapable that the teachers' spirit of responsible citizenship had been heightened by their participation in the labor movement.

One felt this most strongly in the discussions centering around the need for improvement and extension of education, and the responsibility of the Teachers Union in as-

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suming leadership in the movement to satisfy this need. President Davis emphasized this in his opening speech, as did Floyd Reeves, chairman of President Roosevelt's Advisory Committee on Education, and George Googe of Atlanta, who spoke as the personal representative of William Green. It was developed in detail in the speeches and sessions devoted to federal aid, adult education, and WPA.

On a national scale, the fight against education has taken the form of a fight against the Roosevelt administration. The report of the President's Advisory Committee on Education has become a battleground for reactionaries and progressives. It is a part of the fight around the entire recovery program. It it closely connected with such issues as the National Youth Administration and the national health program, both of which the convention endorsed.

In a society with great inequalities of wealth and with tremendous concentration of economic power, President Davis pointed out, the struggle for a very minimum of equal opportunity for children is a bitter and never ending one. There are still, some hundred years after the general establishment of free public schools, approximately 3,300,000 children of school age not now enrolled in any school. We have educational slum areas which predispose their children to lives of poverty and degradation. There are some 2,500,000 handicapped children with defects of sight, hearing, speech, or other functions. Only about 15 per cent of these are getting adequate attention. In most of the states where separate schools for Negroes are maintained, even the white schools are terribly inadequate. But in those states the Negro schools are twice as bad as the defective white institutions. In the average rural district children get about fifty days less instruction than those in the cities. Salaries of rural teachers run as low as $450 a year.

"Under present conditions," President Davis said, "the schools which were founded to create democracy may in fact be creating the very inequalities which they were designed to prevent." A program of federal aid, and a move to make the schools centers of child welfare, would aid the undernourished children (over six million), children with decayed teeth (66 percent), and impaired eyesight (32 percent). The movement to provide the necessary services concerns not only teachers, pupils, and parents, but the doctors, dentists, dieticians, and other professional workers who would be given employment by it. Men need to be put to work throughout the country replacing the antiquated and dangerous school buildings which represent at least 40 percent of the whole.

The improvement of schools in areas that are economically backward is impossible, according to Dr. Reeves of the President's committee, without federal aid. Rural districts are trying to carry the educational load on a per capita income that is far below that of the cities. In the Southeast in 1930 the farm population included 13 percent of the nation's children. But the farm population of this area received only 2 percent of the nation's income. In a group of cities in the East with only twice as many children, the per capita income was twenty-one times as large. A program of federal aid to underprivileged areas would be a step toward the equalization of educational opportunity, a step, in short, toward fuller democracy. Such a program should, of course, end discrimination between Negroes and whites in the allocation of school funds in the South by making this one of the conditions of granting federal aid.

The program of the AF of T for the extension and democratization of education also includes adult education through WPA and other agencies. WPA teachers in the union have their own vice-president and have been working against great difficulties in the past year for measures of permanence and security in the organization of WPA. Through the WPA many new sectors of the educational front have been developed. Nursery schools, supervised recreational activities, and workers' education projects have been spread. New groups have been involved in important cultural activity. With these achievements in mind, the national legislative committee prepared a bill, introduced by Congressman Celler of New York, to make permanent the WPA educational services. Locals have given their support to the O'Connell bill to expand the projects and the Coffee bill to establish a Bureau of Fine Arts.

The program of the American Federation of Teachers for democratization of education in character, scope, and physical equipment has valuable support in the present administration at Washington, and is of course greatly dependent on its continuance in power and on public support of New Deal policies. It is significant that the legislative representative of the union, Mrs. Mary Foley Grossman, distributed to every delegate the rating of congressmen drawn up by Labor's Non-Partisan League. For it is clear that the success of the union's program is tied up with the success of progressive candidates in the fall elections. That is just as clear as the fact that this success is dependent on unity within each trade union, in the labor movement as a whole, and in the progressive sectors of the middle-class population. Every responsible American citizen is interested in more and better education. It is only common sense, after all, that the best way to ensure this is to elect a forward-looking Congress.

President Roosevelt sent a telegram to the convention in which he said: "I hope that your deliberations will result in stimulating the teachers of the country and the public in general to redouble their efforts to secure for all the children the kind of schools to which they are entitled." The extent of this need and the way in which the whole level of life in America would be raised by the success of their program was a challenge to which the convention of the AF of T responded with realism and determination.

Snow

"This generation of white Democrats will not let Democracy down in our beloved State."
SENATOR GEORGE OF GEORGIA.

★

"What Helps Business"

YOU'VE probably seen it on billboards and posters, in advertisements and pamphlets, on envelopes, package-sealers, and sticker-strips for cars and store windows—"What Helps Business Helps You." Or, as variations: "What Hurts Business Hurts You," and "What Is Good for Business Is Good for Your Family."

It started late last year when the advertising men sold big business the idea of selling itself to the public as an indispensable institution for the common good. According to *Advertising Age,* national mouthpiece of the advertising men, "One of the most sen-

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sational recommendations of 1937 came during the September convention of the Association of National Advertisers in Chicago, when Charles McDonough . . . insisted that the time is ripe for action and that industry should spend $5,000,000 over a two-year period to resell itself to the public. . . ." Leaders in the campaign are *Advertising Age* and *Nation's Business,* official organ of the U. S. Chamber of Commerce.

The ballyhoo got under way with a series of paid advertisements inserted by *Nation's Business* in the *Saturday Evening Post* and other tory publications. In the first ad, it was asserted that ". . . there isn't any such scarecrow as 'Business.' . . . *there are tens of thousands of separate businesses,*" but that "When better times arrive, Business will bring them." The second answered all charges of price-fixing, sabotage of recovery, and monopoly with "You'll have to excuse him [business] if he doesn't talk much or answer the soap-box critics—*he's got work to do!*" Next came: "One look at the record and you know why more and more good Americans are saying, 'What *helps* business helps me!' " Most touching of all the appeals was the one featured on a *Nation's Business* cover: a picture of a poster showing a baby, his little face wrinkled by a frown, saying, "What hurts business hurts me" (because if business is hurt, private philanthropy won't be able to finance the research work that eventually benefits the kiddies). The cover also shows a husky workman smiling at the poster (maybe laughing).

Then there were posters from the National Association of Manufacturers, concentrating on the "average American family"—complete with automobile, home, and ample yard—all swelling the "what helps business" chant. As long ago as March, *Nation's Business* was able to boast that its "simple message" had been proclaimed "in newspapers, in house organs, in bulletins; in national publications, and, through the cooperation of the members of the Outdoor Advertising Association, on twelve thousand advertising boards." More than seven hundred business organizations have been evangelizing this "educational" program. They are copiously supplied by the Chamber of Commerce with bulletins, reprints of ads, pamphlets, cuts, mats, electros, envelope stuffers, and all the other paraphernalia of streamlined publicity.

It is significant that the posters and billboards are not placed in working-class districts. Big business is directing its campaign at the middle class, either because it believes that class is more likely to fall for its grotesque falsehoods or because it values more highly the enlistment of that class in reaction's war against New Dealism or perhaps for both reasons.—ARCHIE EPSTEIN.

★

Never Jam To-day

IT IS either too late or too early for collective security as a feasible peace program. —THE NEW REPUBLIC, *in an editorial on the World Youth Congress, Aug. 31, 1938.*

Tony and the WPA

A Short Story

JO SINCLAIR

TONY had a WPA job. Tony was twenty-four. This was the first job he had ever had; the WPA, not the steel mill or the department store, not a law office, not doing the bookkeeping for his father's once-upon-a-time produce company. N. Bontempo & Sons, that had been, and Tony had gone to a commercial high school, had learned bookkeeping and typing. Anthony Bontempo, bookkeeper for N. Bontempo & Sons.

"You work in history department today," the head page boy said. "But before you start reading shelves there, you'll have to move books from receiving to technology and children's. Use this truck."

"Okay," Tony said. He moved splendidly and disdainfully, pushing the small truck, piled high with books, out into the corridor of the first floor. He had a cool and detached disdain for WPA. He had the remembrance of fruits piled high in huge, fierce trucks, and the smell of oranges and celery and green peppers. He remembered the name Bontempo on a double stall in the Woodland Market, and the night delivery, and in the morning the trucks pulling away with their orange and green insides, their crates of stuff. He remembered N. Bontempo shouting orders to men, and stooping suddenly to pick up an apple, shining it, biting into it. There was hot sunlight on everything.

This small, wooden truck for books; this Works Progress Administration, USA; to hell with it. Sure, it was an every-two-weeks blue check in the mailbox, $71.50 a month. Sure, it was a job, page boy on a library project, lugging books around the joint and putting them up on shelves. Twenty-five books carded, one pound of spaghetti. Two truckloads of books moved into history department, fifty pounds of flour so Mrs. Bontempo could bake bread three times a week.

He moved his truck ahead of him, among librarians, among strangers who were part of "the public," among other WPA workers hurrying to the departments in which they worked. Some of them ran the elevators. Some of them, if they were Negroes or Poles, cleaned the washrooms and the steps and the halls. Some of the girls typed, stamped and cleaned books, filed papers, ran errands. Some of the men translated books from Russian or Hungarian into English, and some of them copied music scores out of old books. Yeah, a good job being done, Tony knew.

What the hell, he said, sure, it's good work and all that, but what am I doing here? What decent guy wants relief work anyway? Getting the government to pay you $71.50 a month, so you can support Josie and Antoinette, and Rico, Frankie, Carmello. Ma and Pa. Checking in to the timekeeper four times a day, so you don't get docked. Me, Tony. Listen, boss, listen, Mr. Roosevelt, I got other things to do. There are things a guy *wants* to do, because he likes that kind of work. His hands like it, his feet and his eyes like it. It isn't moving books around, either. Anthony Bontempo, Number oh six seven seven seven. Hell, what is this, a prison?

But in the corridor, other remembrances came to him. Mister Bontempo sitting in the kitchen, and the kitchen dark, very dark. Missus Bontempo, the black-haired, the soft-eyed, and the smell of tomatoes and cheese in the kitchen as she moved near the stove. The kids eating or playing, the singing of Mister Bontempo, the laughing of Missus Bontempo. It's all right, Ma, we eat, I got a job.

There had been flowers in the front yard, and radishes in the backyard, spring onions and lettuce. The house had belonged to them, and in the hot, hot sun the grapes had swelled and ripened. Ma and the girls had treaded them; in the basement the smell of grapes had been pervading and delicious; the bare feet had been dyed purple; how Ma had laughed.

Now this library. Mister Bontempo can't see so good now. He was a strong man once, lifting crates of oranges and apples. Mister Bontempo got his eyes shot out once by a man who wanted his money, at night, just before the night freights pulled in to get paid. Mister Bontempo lost his produce company. Tony was a bookkeeper for no books, oldest son Tony, and no spaghetti in the house. When Ma baked bread, the house smelled from attic to basement. No flour then. Mister Bontempo could still sing *Traviata* and *Trovatore*. N. Bontempo & Sons, Fruits and Vegetables, Wholesale and Retail. Sitting in the dark, dark kitchen, no store for his sons, but sniffing the pungent air, singing, bellowing: "The bread is done, Rosie, I smell it!"

Near the door to the freight elevator, in the almost deserted end of the corridor, a man stopped Tony. "You work here?" he said to Tony. "Huh? You work on the WPA here?"

He was tall and skinny, with sick eyes in a grayish face. Tony smelled the shabby pants

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and the stiff, collarless shirt, and edged away. "What do you want?" he said.

"Listen," the man said eagerly, his voice almost choked in its sound of eagerness, "just tell me that. Are you on the WPA here? I heard there were two hundred people working in the main library on the WPA. Some floozie in the magazine reading-room was telling me. Her boy friend just got a job on WPA, and he told her."

"Yeah," Tony said. "So what?"

"Listen, kid," the man said, "I want to talk to you. It's business, honest to God, it's for your good, too. Sell me your job, guy. What do you say? I'll give you a hundred bucks, soon as I make the dough, and you can get another job. See, you're young, you got good health. Listen, I'll give you ten bucks a week, see, and nobody'll know the dif. What do you say?"

Tony laughed, and took another step toward the elevator door. "Get your own job," he said. "What do you think this is?" The man looked like a nut to him. The corridor was quite deserted, too. "It's only a WPA job," Tony said. "What do you think it is, a gold mine or something?"

The man gasped. *"Only?"* he said. "It's a job. You're getting dough for it. You're working for it. You're using your hands and feet, aren't you? They won't give me one. There're six thousand guys certified for jobs, and they won't give us any. I'm one of the six thousand, see. They give us relief. I got a weak heart, so they give me relief. I can do your work. You're young. You ought to be outside doing heavy work. You look like a strong little bastard. Get something else. Leave me get this job."

Tony moved, beginning to gather sickness and terror from the man's eyes. "Why me?" he said. "Hey, beat it, will you? I'll call a cop. Lay off of me. I don't know you. Why pick on me?"

"Give me your job," the man said. His eyes were sick and crafty now in the shadows of the corridor. "Come on, be a good kid. You don't need it, you're too young. I'm a man and you're a punk. I got a family, punk. I haven't worked for five years. You think I won't pay you? I'll sign a paper, honest to God, you'll make money on the deal."

His voice had turned shriller. "You know how many kids I got? Seven. And my wife's got the eighth one all made in her, ready to pop out and start squawking for something to eat, which there isn't. All they do is squawk for eat. Then I'll be a father eight times, see. Hear that? You're just a punk, you don't need this job. So yesterday we ate from the neighbors' bellies, see. We got rats in the house, too. My wife woke up with one in the bed. He was a whopper. She says they'll eat the kids. So yesterday Mrs. Rini brought a big plateful of spaghetti. Mrs. Golden brought salmon and bread. I don't know where they got it. We got a nigger lady next door, Mrs. Russell, and she brought in a quart of milk. Can you beat it?"

His voice was wound up shrill and tight and too fast, and his eyes kept pushing into Tony's eyes.

"The kids ate good," he said, "and I made the wife feed the eighth one good, too. I'm saving mine, see?" From his pocket he pulled out a lump of hard, brown bread, with tobacco sticking to it, and lint, and particles of dirt. "It's Jewish pumpernickel," he said. "It's my supper. Or maybe I'll save it another day, and eat it tomorrow. Or I can just save it to look at. Fill my eyes, and my stomach won't squawk. See?"

A man walked by. Tony wanted to call out desperately. "I got to go to work," he said to the pale, wild eyes. "Come on, I got to go back." He held out a quarter, but the man would not see it.

"L-listen," the man said. "Ever see a bread-line, buddy? You're a punk, not grown up yet. Your eight kids are in you yet, you haven't made them yet, you don't know what it feels like. It's—say, you're trapped with those seven and the eighth one coming."

He stared and stared, his claw-hands pressing the bread into new hard shapes. Tony smelled his unwashed body, the salt and dirt smell, the underarm smell, and the smell of his baggy, heavy trousers. The man's eyes bulged slightly, and beneath, his nose jutted white and sharp, the nostrils uneasy. Tony looked around. The man had backed him and the truck to the wall. No one had passed them for minutes, and the only sound in this corner was the man's breath rasping in his corded, skinny neck.

"It isn't a bread line. It's just a line outside a relief station that's run out of dough. 'No more money,' the worker says, 'go home, we'll let you know, go home now.' How the hell can you go home? In the line with you there's a seventy-year-old lady squawking in a knife-voice. She claims she hasn't had a square meal in six days. Next to her a dame faints. One man's telling us there's nothing in his kitchen but a can of salt, a box of starch, some soap, and an onion. Nobody's listening to anything but his own belly and his own troubles. Except me. I'm listening. Sometimes it's like being God, listening to that line full of squawkers. But sometimes you say to yourself, Jesus, this is 1938, in the state of Ohio, USA, and the legislature's meeting in special session. So what? The mayor's making speeches. So what? So we get sent over to the Federal Commodities Station. The papers say nobody'll starve. Another line. This time we get apples and a cabbage apiece. . . . Hey, I want your job, see. Get that straight. You got to give it to me."

There was a thin froth in the corners of his mouth. Tony's stomach rolled with the feeling of nausea, and he seemed to hear that sea of toneless words rolling on and on with his stomach. He tried to keep his voice cool, tried to keep his legs steady. "I've got a family," he said. "Jeez, I'm sorry, honest. But I've got sisters and brothers and a father. It's tough, but I've got to have this job. Maybe the main office can help you. Why don't you try them? Me, I got people to support, mister."

He had a swift vision of Pa sitting in the kitchen, the chair near the window, dark, everything dark flowing darker into the window. Pa laughing.

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The Program

ACT ONE, Barcelona, Time, the present
ACT TWO, Paris in springtime, during the siege
ACT THREE, London, Bank Holiday, after an air raid
ACT FOUR, a short time later in the U. S. A.
EAT ZEPHYR BONBONS
(do not run for the exit in case of fire
the Rome-Berlin Theater has *no exits*)
SUZANNE BRASSIERES FOR PERFECT FORM
CAST, IN THE ORDER OF DISAPPEARANCE
infants
women and children
soldiers, sailors, miscellaneous crowds
With 2,000 wounded and 1,000 dead
12,000 wounded and 6,000 dead
100,000 wounded and 50,000 dead
10,000,000 wounded and 5,000,000 dead
(Scenes by Neville Chamberlain
costumes, courtesy of Daladier
Spanish embargo by the U. S. Congress
music and lighting by Pius XI)
SMOKE EL DEMOCRACIES
TRY THE NEW GOLGOTHA FOR COCKTAILS AFTER THE SHOW.

KENNETH FEARING.

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The sick eyes bulged over that bonelike nose. "Listen, guy," the voice said, very sly now, "I can fix you up. You just give me the job. I know plenty of girls. You come on down to my house. My wife's a good-looker, I can tell you." His voice rose and broke, then steadied. "No kidding, guy, she's nice stuff. We'll have a drink, and play the radio. What do you say? You don't need this job. I can fix you up whenever you want it, see. And plenty of whisky and cigarettes. Anytime you want it. Ever smoke reefers? They're fun, all right. I can get them, honest."

The corridor was heavy with the man's acid, crafty, pleading breath. A girl passed them. She was young and slim, and wore a fresh blue dress. Her name was Miss Collins, and she helped in history department; a WPA girl; nice; wool dress, blue, clean, it must smell sweet. Tony had a panic-moment, when he wanted to scream her name and touch her hard, young, clean arm. The man was very close, his gray, dirty face close. Miss Collins disappeared, and the heavy, acid fog closed down again.

"Look," Tony said, "I can't. It won't work. They won't let you take my job. They don't do things like that. Even if I gave it to you. Look, I got to get back. I'll get hell from my boss."

"My name's Harry," the man said, his voice confidential and urging. "Call me Harry. Come on, be a sport. A punk like you can get a million other jobs. Any day. *You're* not afraid. I tell you I'll fix you up good. You won't be sorry."

Tony started to push the truck against the sick skin and eyes. The man bit his under lip hard, and seemed to take a deep breath. "I got to go," Tony muttered. He had a flash-picture of Josie's baby head bending over a toy on the kitchen floor, the soft black hair.

Looking up then, he saw horror widen and widen, like circles, in the man's eyes, as if something had thrown stones into the two brown pools of them.

"For Christ's sake," the man said. His voice had turned hoarse and low. He thrust the bread toward Tony. "Here," he said "I'll give it to you. Show you I'm on the up and up. For Christ's sake, take it. L-listen. You gonna give me that job, sure you are."

Terrified, Tony pushed harder. "L-listen," the man said. Then suddenly, his skinny, sharp fingers were around Tony's throat. They felt like bones. "The job," the man shouted. Then he screamed it, tightening his hands: "The job. The job. The job." His eyes were glazed and brown, not-alive, glaring into Tony's face.

Bill and Mr. Snow, the library guards, came running almost immediately from their station at the front doors. They held the man, and Tony rubbed his throat, talking to them with difficulty. The man was crying now, and peering at the floor. "My God," Bill said, "he might have murdered you."

Tony felt his stomach lurching. There were men, then, who would kill for even a WPA job? There were men who offered and begged and threatened. He began to be conscious of something, words to learn, and men's faces to look for, meanings to assimilate. He began, then, in that moment, to feel like a man instead of a boy.

"My bread," the man cried, "where's my bread?" His face was wet with tears, and he was sobbing.

Tony found the lump of bread under his truck, and held it out to the weeping man. "My God," Bill said, his face white.

The man took the bread, peering into Tony's face for a long time. Abruptly he screamed: "You got my job! Give it back, you dirty crook! Give it back to me!"

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Labor and the Polls

GAINS by labor and progressive forces in the 1938 primaries—third major test of their strength since formation of Labor's Non-Partisan League — demonstrate swift progress toward the goal of a powerful organized army of pro-labor voters on a national scale.

In state after state, as the primaries are in progress, the forces allied with Labor's Non-Partisan League are proving themselves decisive in swinging the tide to candidates whose records show them to be on the side of the great majoritiy of the people. Results to date offer remarkable evidence of the growth of the league into a compact organization that holds the balance of power in the key areas most significant in deciding the political future of the nation.

Victories won by league forces in such states as Ohio, Kentucky, West Virginia, Kansas, Oregon, Florida, Alabama, South Dakota, Tennessee, Arkansas, Illinois, Indiana, North Carolina, Montana, Oklahoma, and Minnesota, together with remarkable showings in Pennsylvania, Texas, Virginia, Missouri, and elsewhere, show beyond any question or doubt that there *now* exists a progressive-labor political movement that has the allegiance of millions of independent voters.

These gains by pro-labor candidates are being made in the face of strongly entrenched old-line machines and against a barrage of hostile and highly inaccurate propaganda. The pro-labor candidates are also winning public confidence despite vast sums being spent by labor-hating corporations to put their stooges in office. Strenuous efforts are also being made to divide the labor forces at the ballot box.

Clearcut victories for LNPL-endorsed candidates were recorded in several of the July and August primaries, notably in Ohio, Kentucky, Oklahoma, and West Virginia. In Ohio, Gov. Martin L. Davey, strikebreaker extraordinary and puppet of Tom Girdler, Labor Enemy No. 1, went down to defeat in a storm of ballots. The Ohio voters not only banished the infamous Davey but also completely wrecked his notorious machine. The list of league candidates for high state offices, lieutenant-governor, secretary of state, treasurer, and attorney general, were all victorious.

Sen. Robert Bulkley, who ran with endorsement and active support of Ohio's LNPL, won by more than two to one.

For weeks preceding the Ohio primary the league there was busy building its ward and precinct organization in the major cities and its county units throughout the state.

Another Ohio victory was the retiring of Rep. Harold G. Mosier, anti-labor and anti-New Deal Democrat. League-endorsed congressmen won generally. Local candidates sponsored by the league also were nominated in several Ohio cities, especially Cleveland.

The striking Ohio victory, latest in a series of labor gains this year, followed hard on the heels of the nomination in Kentucky of Sen. Alben Barkley, Roosevelt Senate-leader. The Kentucky LNPL had endorsed Senator Barkley at a special convention several weeks earlier and its entire strength was thrown vigorously into the Barkley campaign.

Members of the powerful United Mine Workers of Kentucky, affiliated with the LNPL, were especially potent in turning out thousands of Barkley votes. Congressional candidates supported by the Kentucky league also won nomination.

Only a little earlier the Oklahoma, West Virginia, and Montana primaries had recorded sweeping victories for league-supported candidates. Renomination in Oklahoma of Sen. Elmer Thomas and in Montana of Rep. Jerry O'Connell were outstanding among the results. Local candidates endorsed by the league won many victories in these states.

Strong showings and victories of liberal candidates elsewhere further demonstrated the progress of labor-liberal forces in the 1938 primaries. In Missouri, for example, Boss Pendergast forces took a setback with the victory of an anti-machine candidate for State Supreme Court, Judge James M. Douglas. Virginia's Byrd machine was challenged and, in a district where it had always been supreme, a newcomer, William E. Dodd, Jr., polled one-third of the vote. Poll taxes and other restrictions kept many pro-labor voters away from the polls there. League forces won a number of local victories in Tennessee's primary, though staying out of the senatorial race. — LABOR'S NON-PARTISAN LEAGUE *National Bulletin, August 15.*

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Outstretched Hand

THOSE who can see in the outstretched-hand policy announced by Earl Browder a Trojan horse only may be interested in knowing that they are reflecting their own views and not speaking for the [Catholic] Church. Some of our extreme Red-baiters would have Catholics stop eating because Communists likewise partake of food.—JAMES B. COONEY, *"The New World," August 26, official organ of Archdiocese of Chicago.*

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Readers' Forum

Delousing Hawaii

TO NEW MASSES: On August 1, fifty working people of Hawaii were shot or bayoneted, or both, by police egged on by the Chamber of Commerce of Hilo. They had assembled at the Hilo pier to demonstrate peacefully against the landing of goods from a scab-manned ship of the Inter-Island Steam Navigation Co., Ltd., which had nineteen "strong-arm men" armed with clubs on the pier, behind the police lines, taunting the police with their slowness in "taking care of" the demonstrators.

On August 2 the governor of Hawaii sent the attorney general to investigate this brutal near-massacre. The attorney general has returned to Honolulu; three weeks have passed since the attack; but no report has yet appeared. The strongest undercover efforts will be made to ensure that the report, when it does appear, will whitewash the police, the chamber of commerce, and the Inter-Island Co.

In Hawaii the economic, social, and political life is controlled by a close-knit oligarchy, bitterly opposed to the introduction of unionization. But since the main support of this oligarchy lies in the sugar industry, and the Honolulu capitalists are dependent upon sentiment at Washington for sugar quotas and political favors, *Hawaii is unusually susceptible to popular pressure emanating from the mainland.*

Help us in Hawaii to maintain our civil liberties —indeed, the right of life itself—by writing to Frances Perkins, Secretary of Labor; to Dr. Ernest H. Gruening, Director, Division of Territories and Island Possessions, Department of the Interior; to Gov. Joseph B. Poindexter, Honolulu, Hawaii; to the La Follette Committee on Civil Liberties. Demand that the committee investigate the state of civil liberties in Hawaii; that the Departments of Labor and the Interior bring pressure to bear on the territorial government to function impartially for the protection of life and free assemblage. Let the governor know what mainland feeling is on the shooting of workers.

A short explanation of the circumstances of the attack:

An Inter-Island ship, manned by scabs, was sent to Hilo on July 22. It was booed by a crowd of union sympathizers with Inter-Island strikers. There was no violence, but the crowd, nevertheless, was dispersed with a tear-gas bomb. The Inter-Island refused to unload freight and announced that it would take the ship off the Hilo run unless assurance was given of adequate protection. The Chamber of Commerce of Hilo held a public meeting at which the sheriff of Hawaii County announced that he was ready "to enforce the law by armed force if necessary." A force of special deputies was raised and armed. Thereupon the Inter-Island resumed service.

On the morning of August 1, "bloody Monday," a force of seventy police, armed with sub-machine guns, tear-gas bombs, and riot guns with fixed bayonets, marched to Hilo pier. A cordon was established at the border of territorial property—though the right of peaceful picketing has recently been established in Hawaii by court decision, the anti-picketing law being obviously unconstitutional. A crowd of five hundred demonstrators rushed the police line, but offered no violence. The police reformed at the doors of the terminal shed on the pier; the demonstrators sat or lounged on the pier outside. "The men quieted down and unloading of passengers and mail continued," runs the press account. "Gradually the demonstrators edged closer but there still was no violence to mar the entire demonstration."

Inside the shed, however, the strong-arm squad kept shouting for violence. The police tried to disperse the crowd. They claim that an attempt was made to rush the police officer who threw the bomb on July 22. Unionists claim that the policeman did the rushing. He says that he was so excited that he didn't know whether he bayoneted anybody. The man who was bayoneted in the back by the officer knows!

The sheriff gave the order to fire—at the ground, so that the shot would strike the "rioters'" legs, he says. But many persons received gunshot wounds in the upper body and face, and several were bayoneted—some in the back. The crowd broke. Those who could leaped into the water or ran for safety. A full score lay on the pavement; among them, women.

The sheriff claimed in a radio address that he ordered the attack in order to prevent the "mob" from attacking the scab crew, which he claims was ready to shoot down the demonstrators. "Which is the best, thirty injured persons in the hospital as there are, or more than one hundred dead on the wharf if that mass had been allowed to force its way to the ship?" Unfortunately for his explanation, no arms of any description were found aboard!

Meanwhile, in Honolulu, a newspaper writes of the strike leaders: "Hawaii must find some way of getting rid of the vermin that infest it. The islands must be deloused."

ALEXANDER BALDWIN COOK.

Honolulu, T. H.

Historical Films

TO NEW MASSES: Apropos of *Blockade* and the new possibilities for truthful and significant moving pictures from Hollywood, is it not timely to undertake the mobilization of a popular demand for American historical films? Of course, it would be too much to expect Hollywood to tell the truth in very large doses about contemporary American history, but it might be induced to do so of the Declaration of Independence, the first American Revolution, the Civil War, etc.

American historical films might be built around the figures of Washington, Jefferson, Franklin, Hamilton, General Wilkinson, Burr, Benedict Arnold, Jackson, Thaddeus Stevens, Lincoln, Stanton, and Andrew Johnson. Hollywood might well be induced to do that much. The film, *The Buccaneer,* was not a bad start along this line.

And Sam Adams—what a thriller could be produced around his activities and his party, the Sons of Liberty—not neglecting the Boston Tea Party. The story would be already available in the recent biography of Sam Adams.

Naturally, it will have to be made emphatic to appropriate persons and groups in Hollywood that truthful and significant American historical films are demanded by the American public. The idea is suggested to the readers of NEW MASSES because the readers of NEW MASSES are among the men and women most deeply devoted to the traditions of the American people and having, person for person, the greatest influence on others. And this is a demand which, to be effective, will have to be made articulate by more than the Associated Film Audiences alone.

BURRILL FREEDMAN.

New York City.

Feasibility of Partition

TO NEW MASSES: The articles by Maurice Samuel and Paul Novick on the important problem in Palestine give to an impartial reader an illuminating insight into the grievances and difficulties of both Jew and Arab. Both writers attempt to present a solution, leaving the fair-minded reader the right to choose the better of the two. No reaction to or comment on these articles can fail to state which of the two writers has presented the better solution. Therefore, may I state that the solution as offered by Maurice Samuel in his support of the partition scheme is the one that I feel would most satisfactorily solve the Arab-Jewish problem.

It is well and good to say, as Mr. Novick does, that peace must come about by understanding between Jew and Arab. Yet he does not show how it can be brought about and on what basis such an understanding can be reached. Maurice Samuel points out how futile it is to hope that such an understanding can be reached with the Arab. In his article he tells of how the Grand Mufti was questioned by Lord Peel as to what the Arabs would do with the portion of the 400,000 Jews that would not assimilate. The Mufti replied that "some of them would have to be removed by a process kindly or painful as the case might be." Can an understanding be reached while the *effendi*-controlled Arab displays that attitude toward the Jew?

Mr. Novick is absolutely correct when he says that peace will come to Palestine only when the Arabs recognize the economic and cultural importance of the Jewish minority for Palestine and for Arabistan generally. But how will the Arab be made to realize the importance of the Jew as a friend and neighbor?

Mr. Samuel shows how this can be done in pointing out the feasibility of the partition scheme as a solution to the Arab-Jewish problem. He implies that once the Jewish state is established the contrast between its highly progressive and flourishing structure will stand out in deep contrast to the Arab, who will have to tolerate the lower living conditions which the feudalistic conditions of his state impose upon him.

Then and only then can there come to the ignorant Arab a realization that his Jewish neighbor was truly a friend and not an enemy. The Arab worker without the benefit of the Jew will have to experience again the miserable living conditions which were his lot before Jewish entrance into Palestine raised the standard of living in that country.

The *effendi*-controlled Arab can then realize that the riots and assaults on Jews and on Jewish property were provoked by the *effendi* who saw in the Jew a weakening of his power to exploit the Arabian masses.

The time will then be ripe for Arabian labor leaders to attempt to organize the Arabian masses into strong labor unions. With the Jew no longer present to act as the scapegoat of the *effendi,* and with the subsequent termination of riots and bloody outbreaks, labor authorities will have an easy road in welding the Arabian masses into powerful labor unions.

Then, as Mr. Novick wishes, can an understanding between Jewish and Arab workers be reached. Then will the Arab realize the importance of the Jew to him. Nor will the Jew be hesitant in embracing the cooperation of the Arab. For with Arab and Jew solidly cemented together in friendship, their combined force will be able to throw off the yolk of British imperialism. Together they will be able to wipe out the system of feudalism which exists among the Arabs.

Then may Arab and Jew live together in one level of economic structure where both may share the benefit of each other's labor, where there will be room enough for unrestricted Jewish immigration, where Arab and Jew will be able to live together in lasting peace.

SAUL BERGER.

Estevan, Sask., Can.

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REVIEW AND COMMENT

Maurice Hindus' Personal History

For fifteen years, Maurice Hindus has been a leading American student of Soviet life. Never a Communist, he has repeatedly expressed his lack of interest in political theory. At the same time, he has had an acute sense for the visual world whose transformation he has witnessed from year to year on his visits to the Russian land.

American audiences have liked him for his charm and intense sincerity; they have responded to his story because he has told it in terms of human interest and personal experience. In this way, his books from *Broken Earth* to *Moscow Skies*, and his lectures from coast to coast have contributed richly to a better understanding of the Soviet Union. With all this, there was a seeming paradox; Hindus was an American writer addressing himself to academic, professional, and business groups, yet, to a large extent, he tended to envision the Revolution from the viewpoint of the Russian peasant.

His personal history, just published *(Green Worlds: An Informal Chronicle.* Doubleday, Doran & Co. $3), makes it clear that this viewpoint has its roots in earliest childhood. His father was that rare being in the czarist empire, a Jewish peasant, and Hindus was born and brought up on a Russian farm. There he saw his widowed mother, burdened with heavy debts and seventeen children, perform the most grueling physical labor; there, too, he learned to know the Russian peasant and that fantastic mud in which the pre-revolutionary village was bogged.

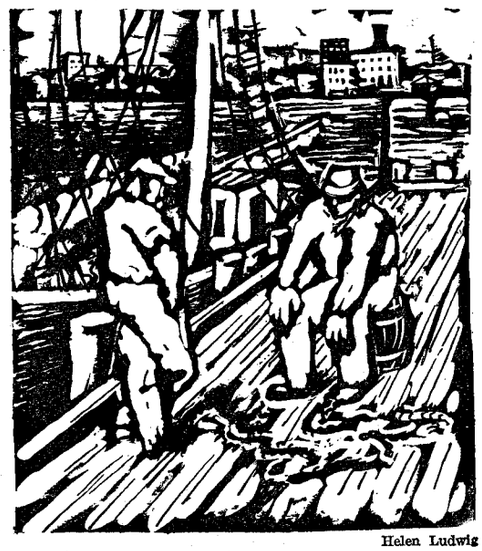
Poverty at last drove the family to New York. At this point, however, the familiar outlines of the immigrant story vanish. Hindus did not stay in the slums; the memory of the Russian village was so strong upon him that he sought the American village. At sixteen he got a job on a farm in the Adirondacks, where he worked four years.

The America he encountered at Mount Brookville impressed him profoundly; he saw it in terms he could best appreciate at that time. A land of kulaks! What immense wagons, what splendid horses, what clean stables! Every cow had her own stanchion and manger, even her own name. See the bowlike handles of the American scythes; how much easier to handle than the crude affairs at home! What marvelous human wisdom and foresight had gone into the making of these superior hoes, pitchforks, corn planters, grain drills!

The boy was transformed by direct use of machinery in the fields; he was enjoying continuity of development and at the same time experiencing the industrial revolution in his own person. He was interested in books, too, for he wanted to go to an agricultural college. But most of all he was interested in the men and women he met at work, in church, at social gatherings. We get here a series of vivid sketches of farm types, and through these people we see the American pre-war village whose "mood was optimism." This is the first time Hindus has written at any length about America, and he has paid stirring tribute to the folk of Mount Brookville, who helped to mold him, painting them with a fresh eye and deep sympathy.

With this background (told movingly through three-fourths of the chronicle) we can understand the mood in which Hindus first visited the Soviet Union in 1923. He repeats here what he said then in *Broken Earth,* and the utterance acquires even more explicit meaning in the context of his present narrative. He went to Russia not to interview outstanding leaders of the Revolution, nor to study theories, nor to hunt for atrocities; he went with only one purpose in view, to hear the peasant talk. His farm experiences in two villages, here and abroad, his identification with the peasant, enabled him to grasp what he heard with a penetration then rare among American writers.

His own sensitivity to the Soviet village stimulates his anger at those who go to the USSR demanding impossible dreams in full realization, and return from it disgusted because Russians serve cucumbers for breakfast instead of grapefruit, or because Soviet society does not fit patly into their private preconceptions. He feels that anyone who has never milked a cow or pitched hay, who comes equipped only with political ideas, cannot judge the Russian land fairly. Perhaps, he reflects, if on arriving in America he had remained in New York, he too might have rebelled against the tenements and the garbage; he too might have been fired with a crusading spirit, an insatiable desire for an immediate taste of heaven. Had he gone to Russia on a journalistic errand, he also might have flung himself into an impassioned search for Utopia, crying in early exultation that every spot of blood was a rose bush, and in subsequent disillusion that every rose bush was blood.



Helen Ludwig

Hindus attributes his own escape from this error to the fact that the *Communist Manifesto* meant little or nothing to him "compared to a good stand of wheat, a field of square-cornered cabbage, or a cow stable with a clean floor and abundant sunlight."

There is a kind of lyrical justice in the foundation for this rage. Some people have indeed proclaimed that they went to Russia expecting to find Utopia and found it hell. But let us watch our generalizations. The truth is these phonies never took the trouble to understand the fundamental ideas of the USSR and never believed in them. They went there from the start to be disillusioned. Only later did they inflate their Utopian pretensions in direct proportion to the cynicism and careerism which they brought with them to Moscow the day they arrived. The indignation we justly feel about such pretenders should not mislead us into despising political theory or into an exaggerated faith in the social enlightenment to be derived from a pitchfork. Is there no connection between the *Communist Manifesto* and the great practical achievements of Soviet economy? Aren't there men and women who have lived all their lives in big American cities, and who have nevertheless been able to evaluate the colossal achievements of collectivization on a realistic basis? And if feeding chickens in itself endows one with profound insight into the Revolution, why isn't every American farmer a member of the Friends of the Soviet Union?

Something more than practical experience in the barn opened Hindus' own eyes to Soviet village realities; memory, for example, the

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The SUB SELLER

STILL CONFIDENTIAL!

Still under the influence of those Wall street services, your "standard 27th street authority" is glad to report the following inside developments on the I Like America drive.

Business pick-up expected early in September in Philadelphia, Chicago, Texas and Toronto, where committees are already being formed to take the dri out of the drive by putting full steam into it. It is reliably reported that George Willner, engineer of the I.L.A. project, will go personally to Canada to make good-neighbor arrangements.

Large increase in enrollment at Brooklyn College will not be surprising now that Dies Committee reveals exciting news that New Masses circulates in large numbers there. The worst thing about these "subversive" publications is that they are so efficient, which your authority interprets to mean so convincing. Haven't I always said so, even before Dies?

Predicted that feminine conversation will take a turn towards politics this fall, if early reports from women subscribers are an indication. This week, for instance, the wife of a prominent manufacturer sent in three new subs, a fashion model sold one to an artist, and an advertising woman is arranging to send New Masses subs for all her Christmas gifts.

Confidentially, all this makes me feel like G. R. of N.Y.C., who after reading I Like America wrote to Granville Hicks: "I must thank you. You have made me proud of myself. At last I feel that America is moving."

Charline Crawfut

Sub Editor

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ability to draw from it reasonable conclusions, the desire to know and speak the truth. On seeing his home town for the first time in eighteen years, he understood that the old Russia had been slaughtered in the World War and civil war. He remembered, too, that a gruesome famine had recently devastated vast regions; that the peasant's land had from time immemorial been cut into narrow strips and interminable weed-breeding ridges which made modern tillage impossible; that in many provinces peasants had for centuries been living in one-room huts, shared in winter with their cattle; that many peasants had not yet discovered the privy. From such direct experience he concluded that "this formidable destruction and backwardness had created problems which needed desperately to be solved before there could even be decent shelter and food in the country." Approaching the Revolution empirically and from the peasant's viewpoint, Hindus knew in advance that he would find great havoc and misery after war and civil war; but he also knew he would find great hope and creative energy.

When he first revisited his village in 1923, it looked, externally, very much as he had left it. Indeed, materially the peasants were even worse off than in czarist days. But there was a new spirit, new demands, a new way of working toward a better life.

By 1930 the change was dramatic: "Gone were the long individual strips with the grass-grown ridges and the dead furrows. Instead, on one side of the road and for an enormous distance there stretched before my eyes a vast unified acreage, as on one of the large wheat farms in Canada or America. Emphatically the collective had laid its mighty hand on these fields."

The harvest was abundant, huge buildings were being erected—cow stables, horse barns, pig sties with high walls, large windows, ample space for each animal. The tractor was roaring its way for the first time across the old fields, bringing with it the gangplow, the disk harrow, the grain drill, the binder, the threshing machine, the new science of agriculture. Six years after the Revolution, the young people of the village had only dreamed of the new technique; thirteen years after it was already there: "The age of wood, which for hundreds of years had held the village in thrall, was going the way of the landlords and of the civilization they had built"; the age of steel had come to Russia. And here was a new schoolhouse, the first the village had ever had, and a new fire-station made out of the old Hindus home.

To be sure, there were hardships in the early years of collectivization, and we are told what they were; but by the summer of 1934 the peasants, though still irked by the new discipline, no longer doubted the superiority of large-scale mechanized farming over the former strip system of primitive tillage. Collective farming was here to stay, and its success was so great that Hindus became convinced nothing will ever extirpate it from Russia.

To complete his narrative, Hindus went back to Mount Brookville in 1937, and saw the effects on the Adirondack farmers of our economy in general, and of the depression in particular. Here too the machine had replaced hand and horse; but the farmers were eating canned corned beef because it was cheap, and the prices they were getting for their milk, eggs, and potatoes were shockingly low. Woodlands were being recklessly destroyed; farms and buildings were being abandoned, going to pieces. And there was Andy Marston who had worked hard all his life on the farm, saved money for his old age, invested it in stocks, and was cleaned out.

A sad picture, especially after the crescendo of the Russian village, and the author wants to end on a note which is hopeful without being Utopian. Perhaps some bright morning a crowd of khaki-clad CCC youths may descend on the barren farms and plant trees on them..

Perhaps, too, the author, by way of parable, wishes to indicate his faith in the New Deal and beyond it in American democracy. But as he has always refused to state or support political solutions, his book must be read as a chronicle. One of the best of its kind, it illuminates two worlds through vivid personal experiences, worlds in which field, animal, machine, and farmer are the basic realities and offer the basic contrasts. And it permits us to know better a very warm and engaging personality and some of the men and women, in Russia and America, whom he has met and appreciated.

JOSEPH FREEMAN.

Reporting Europe

INSANITY FAIR, *by Douglas Reed. Covici-Friede. $3.*

A MIRROR TO GENEVA, *by George Slocombe. Henry Holt & Co. $3.*

INTERMISSION IN EUROPE, *by Vernon Bartlett. Oxford University Press. $2.75.*

IN THE age of great geographical explorations and discoveries, travel books were the vogue. Today, in an exciting age of social pioneering, it is proper that books by foreign correspondents should be in such great demand. Men like Gunther, Duranty, Mowrer are not only our equivalent of the De Tocquevilles of previous generations, but their popularity itself is testimony to the sense men have of the imminence of vast political and social changes.

Every generation fancies itself a turning point in history. In Shaw's *Heartbreak House,* laid at the outbreak of the World War, the young man cries: "Things must come to a showdown—they can't continue as they have." And the old man, Mazzini, answers him: "Life doesn't end: it goes on. . . . Every year I expected a revolution, or some frightful smash-up: it seemed impossible that we could blunder or muddle on any longer. But nothing happened. . . . Nothing

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ever does happen." Nevertheless, the World War did break upon these players, and in the course of that war the Soviet Union was born, and this first Socialist state has decisively conditioned world politics. Things do happen.

Today men again have the sense of the crystallization of decisive historical events in the shape of a struggle between democracy and fascism. And with that sense goes the additional intuition that in the victory of democracy lies the guarantee of Socialism. Seeking for light and understanding of events, men turn to the foreign correspondents, good, bad, and indifferent, and all three manage to get themselves published, as the books under review amply demonstrate.

Of these three books, Douglas Reed's *Insanity Fair* is the most interesting. Reed for many years has been a leading correspondent for the London *Times,* chief apologist for Chamberlain's foreign policy. Reed doesn't like that policy. And his acidulous comments concerning tory diplomacy are prophetic of the forces which may soon overthrow Chamberlain and illustrative of the character of conservative dissatisfaction with Chamberlain's policy. In 1933 Reed returned to England after having covered Germany throughout the period of Hitler's rise to power. Apprehensive of Hitler's aggressive designs, Reed undertook to discuss them with a leading English statesman, only to be assured that "Hitler will prove a force for peace, like Mussolini." Reed comments: "For the first time I realized clearly the spirit of ostrichism that was abroad in England. From that refusal to face the facts all the present-day trouble has sprung—yesterday, Abyssinia; today, Spain and China; tomorrow, who knows what?"

Later, however, in analyzing the Italian aggression against Ethiopia Reed hints at a profounder reason than ostrichism for tory policy:

> This [England's leadership in sanctions against Italy] was the most inspiring moment in post-war history. At last that clear clarion call from England for which a trembling world had been waiting. . . . England rose like one man to the summons; a few weeks later, pricked by the Hoare-Laval plan, British public opinion collapsed. . . . The real weakness of the British foreign policy may have been a private sympathy with military dictators. . . . Grounds for this suspicion first became perceptible when British policy performed its acrobatic feats during the Abyssinian affair. They became clearer during the Spanish civil war.

Many chapters of *Insanity Fair* rise to real eloquence. Among the most moving chapters are those about Austria, for which Reed had a deep love. And there is a vivid, memorable picture of the Reichstag trial, which Reed covered from beginning to end:

> An unforgettable scene, this encounter between Goering, obese, ravingly angry, lobster-red, pounding the air with his fists, and Dimitrov, being pushed and pulled out of court, but straining back towards his adversary with burning eyes, undaunted, crying out through the din, "Are you

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afraid of these questions, Mr. Prime Minister Goering?" And above them on the bench, Lord Chief Justice Bunger, completely unnerved and jittery at the awful idea that anyone should say such things to the great Goering, shouting, "Out with him." In the well of the court the spontaneous ovation-squad, scores of yes-men, bravoing Goering's most extravagant feats. They would have bravoed if he had stood on his head and waved his legs in the air.

The chief interest of *Insanity Fair* derives from what it reveals of the thinking of that large section of the Conservative Party headed by Anthony Eden, whose attitude toward Russia is summed up in Reed's comment, "Russia does not want anything that England has. Germany does," and whose attitude toward the Runciman mission can be gleaned from Reed's constant admonition to his countrymen, "Czechoslovakia means, ultimately, you."

A Mirror to Geneva, by George Slocombe, an English correspondent at Geneva since the League's inception, consists of brief portraits of the leading statesmen who have been associated with Geneva. It is dully and superficially written and rarely shows the national and class pressures which are so essential for an understanding of why statesmen posture in the way they do at Geneva. *Intermission in Europe,* by Vernon Bartlett, English correspondent and radio commentator, while written in a more sprightly fashion than Slocombe's book, is hardly more profound. Its politics and point of view are perhaps best summed up by the author himself:

> As a broadcaster I had been a professional optimist. My job had been to take as cheerful a view of affairs as my conscience would allow because, if I depressed my audiences, I should be dismissed. I might try to stimulate them by suggesting how the world could be made better, but I must on no account depress them by suggesting that anything about its organization was fundamentally bad. I was, in fact, becoming a sleek and contented conservative who might arouse supporters of the existing order by gentle criticism, but would never anger them by open attack.

The shortcomings of all these books rest in the unwillingness or inability of the authors to see foreign politics and diplomacy as functions of domestic politics and relation of classes. Litvinov in his speech to the Leningrad electorate assigned three reasons for the strange, suicidal caperings of the diplomats of Western Europe. If war should come, it will be utilized by the masses of workers, peasants, and petty bourgeoisie to enlarge their political rights and improve their economic position. "Also," declares Litvinov, "amongst the ruling classes in the Western states, there are many people who naively believe that fascism is really a permanent barrier between them and the working-class offensive. As the aggressor states are at the same time the rampart of fascism, they fear that a defeat for the fascist states in war, or even a diplomatic defeat, can become the defeat of fascism and the destruction of this artificial dyke raised against the working-class movement. Besides that, they fear another thing. That is, in order to have the necessary balance in the struggle against the aggressor countries, they must inevitably collaborate with the Soviet Union, and it is believed that that would have repercussions on the internal political struggles of the country in a manner unfavorable for the reactionary circles. Thus it happens that these circles prefer to sacrifice their national interests and endanger or even lose the existence of their states for the sake of protecting themselves from social and class opposition."

JOSEPH P. LASH.

The Social Individual

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A PURPOSE, *by William Alanson White. Doubleday, Doran & Co. $2.50.*

As our civilization declines and the individual, in order to make a living under capitalist conditions, has more and more to put his integrity into cold storage, the conflict sharpens between man's natural decency and the way he is forced to live. We find it increasingly difficult, often almost impossible, to "adjust." Those who cannot adapt to the adult world their ideas and behavior, the ethics taught them in childhood, become "crooks" or failures, or else suffer a breakdown in their personality. When the symptoms are such as merely to upset the individual, society takes little notice; when the breakdown leads to overt anti-social acts, society steps in and too frequently acts with cruelty and unscientific ignorance.

The mentally sick can teach us a great deal about normal individuals; and we can learn from the unsound how the sound need to be treated. Dr. William White did pioneering work in the institutional handling of those we call insane; as the head of the government's St. Elizabeth's Hospital in Washington, he introduced new psychiatric conceptions, and carried out his own progressive ideas courageously in the face of reactionary "investigations" over a period of forty years. He was shrewd, able, sympathetic. All the more the pity that in this, his posthumous book, in which he might have told a very great deal, he did not tell. He recorded some of his contacts with administrators, government inquisitors, and patients; some of his main reforms, such as the abolition of restraint, his attempts to have psychiatrists appear, at criminal trials, as scientists and not paid partisans; the effort to have paresis regarded as a disease, not a moral lapse. But Dr. White knew a great deal about the inner workings of institutions and men-in-society, and this he has not revealed. I once visited him at St. Elizabeth's with the late Clarence Darrow and heard more in an afternoon than is set forth in this whole book.

It is made clear that the tools for the better treatment of the mentally sick are at hand; there has been progress in the *science* of psychiatary. The patient is more widely regarded as an organism-as-a-whole, for instance, rather

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than as the mechanistic total of separate factors. But what Dr. White does not tell is why psychiatry is not achieving more, why the conditions in many state hospitals are still horrible beyond description, why restraint is still widely and cruelly used, why mental defectives roam the city streets.

Psychiatrists have as yet hardly recognized the enormous importance of social factors in shaping the individual's attitudes. Whether he can pay his rent or not, whether he has been able to work at his chosen profession or has had to stand in relief lines can tell the psychiatrist as much about an individual as what he dreams can reveal. Too many psychoanalysts, treating Park Avenue women for large sums, disregard such factors. The conservatism of medical men can harm the mental patient far more than it can hurt the guy with a broken leg. Two articles by Michael Brush in NEW MASSES [Oct. 26, 1937, and March 1, 1938] showed how psychiatry is used for reactionary purposes in our social life.

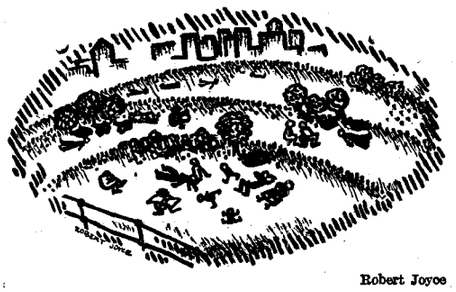
There is an enormous field for research into the interactions of society and the individual. How shall we ask people to adjust themselves to our world today? What does the competitive system do to the individual? We are probably all of us neurotic in this regard, compared, say, with the savage living in a society of "primitive" communism. Psychologists still talk too much of characteristics of "human nature" when they mean human nature in certain environments.

There are many shrewd observations in *The Autobiography of a Purpose.* But Dr. White's genial belief in progress blinds him to many of the factors in our culture which might have led him to deeper insight. He says, for instance, that the aggressive instinct is weakening in our society. Too bad he didn't have a word with the father of psychoanalysis on that subject—in London. ELLA WINTER.

Three Claws of a Skulking Lion

AND NOTHING LONG, *by Ranald MacDonell. Constable & Co., Ltd., London. 8s. 6d.*
THE STORY OF "ST 25," *by Sir Paul Dukes. Cassell & Co., London. 15s net.*

LENIN, in 1919, asked the Communists of Turkestan to prove to the peoples of Central Asia "the sincerity of your desire to eradicate all traces of Great Russian imperialism, to struggle tenaciously against world imperialism, with British imperialism at the head of it." He did not point his finger carelessly. At that very moment, Joshua Kunitz tells us, in his *Dawn Over Samarkand,* published three years ago, the anti-Soviet military organization in Tashkent "kept up steady contact with the English. . . . In the circle of counter-revolution around Soviet Turkestan, that front, armed, financed, and even officered by the English, held out against Bolshevik onslaughts for almost two years." The Emir of Bokhara and all his reactionary allies were, says Kunitz, thrown "into veritable raptures" by the arrival of an English "Special Mission" headed by two lieutenant-colonels and a major, who were to size up the situation and "exploit whatever appeared favorable." The particular "exploitation" they had in mind was to deprive Soviet Russia of Central Asian cotton. In this they were conspicuously unsuccessful, but not because they didn't try; as late as 1931 the British were still backing the murderous Ibrahim Bek's raids into Tadjikistan, designed to overthrow "the government of Lenin, cursed be his name!"



Robert Joyce

But while the lion tore at the Eastern flank of the Soviet Union, his furtive claws were busy also in the Center and the West. In that boyishly naive way they have, two of England's secret plotters against the Soviet peoples have just told their stories in print. Ranald MacDonell, an employee of English oil interests exploiting the Baku field, became vice-consul there shortly before the war. How well he had assimilated the imperialist spirit is shown by his account of the Russian troops' reluctance to fight for their exploiters as early as 1915. "Once my wife and I went down to the station to see a large contingent entrain; their womenfolk lay on the line to prevent the train leaving . . . they had to be moved forcibly by Cossacks. A Cossack in those days would do anything. It was a disgusting sight." So disgusting that Mr. MacDonell complacently continued to serve the exploiting class, and after the Revolution, first as the chief British official left in Baku, later under Captain Noel and Colonel Stokes, he engaged in plots to overthrow the people's government, to corrupt soldiers, sailors, and officials, to set race against race, though he well knew what murder and misery resulted from racial hatreds in those days. For these purposes he was well supplied with money, freely used for bribery and for arming conspirators against the government to which he was now accredited. When the expedition of General Dunsterville—organized in Persia, whose neutrality was freely violated by the British—failed to restore the Caucasian lands to the benevolent fold of capitalism, MacDonell was set up as "sole occupant of a Transcaucasian Department of the Middle Eastern Section" of the Foreign Office in London, there to spin futile plots under the eager eye of Winston Churchill. The disheartening thing is that even today, nineteen years after Azerbaijan, Armenia, and Georgia were firmly welded into the structure of the Soviet Union, this British official sees that result as having been due only to superior intrigue by the Soviet

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government. And he wonders whether the Caucasian peasant today is any happier than when, ignorant and dirty, he sat daylong watching his sheep, droning praises to God, "with no fears but of hunger or cold."

Lost on Ranald MacDonell was all the thrill and glory and passion of the peoples' awakening, and all that was lost likewise on Sir Paul Dukes. Knowing Russian like a native through having studied music in St. Petersburg since 1909, Sir Paul by invitation joined Hugh Walpole's Anglo-Russian Commission in 1916. He saw the outbreak of the first, or phony, revolution, but never from his innocent pages would one glean a hint that British Ambassador Buchanan engineered the abdication of the Czar and the elevation of Prince Lvov, Kerensky's predecessor. Dukes was called to London as liaison officer, but after the Bolshevik Revolution he got permission to sneak back into Petrograd. "Russia was in a state of indescribable confusion," he writes, and adds his own indescribably confused account of the first years of the Bolshevist struggle to inaugurate a new era: "Chaos and desolation, hatred, misery, suffering, disease, and death—these were the first fruits of a Communistic system the origin of which . . . lay less in love than in class-hatred, less in good will than in rancor, less in thoughts of human comfort even for the downtrodden than in thirst for the extermination of the hated bourgeoisie." Written like a British knight! Whether Sir Paul's activities in Petrograd were exactly knightly may appear dubious to some readers, but apparently his own sense of honor remained untarnished, though espionage and plotting were his daily occupations as he slunk furtively from one hideout to another, using up six aliases, altogether, with appropriately bought or forged papers to back him up. His first false passport actually designated him a member of the Cheka; later he did in fact become a member of the Communist Party, of the Red Army, and of the Petrograd Soviet. He does not name all his fellow-conspirators because, as he says, "Those who follow the political trials . . . in Moscow will understand why even after this lapse of time it is necessary to refer with the greatest caution to individuals still living in Russia or connected with the country." Yes, that is not hard to understand, in view of the disclosure of Rakovsky's seduction by the British, and the revelation that Trotsky was on the British payroll since 1924!

Dukes had no part in Captain Agar's torpedo attack on the Soviet fleet at Kronstadt, but he envied Agar. All in all, Dukes did little harm, and his narrative is significant only as further evidence of the British imperialists' implacable hatred, and only interesting for its assurance that "everything called 'Communist' has long since ceased to have any semblance of Communism," and its brilliant explanation of the great Soviet symbol: "The Hammer, symbol of Destruction, and the Sickle, symbol of Death!"

Joshua Kunitz's *Dawn Over Samarkand* though not a new book, is worth rereading

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and referring to in connection with the MacDonell and Dukes exhibits. To turn from them to this book is like changing worlds! How nightmarish seems all that past of petty plotting and self-seeking, in the clear air of the great adventure into the future which the Soviet peoples are making under the inspiration of Lenin and the guidance of Stalin! Most backward of all these peoples, at the start, were those Kunitz describes, the Tadjiks and Uzbecs. "No lawmaking body, except the Emir . . . no personal property rights, except those granted by the despot's will. Anyone could at any time be seized, flogged, clapped into jail, deprived of his property, beheaded . . . no elective offices of any kind. As in all arbitrarily ruled countries, graft, bribery, corruption, and violence were rife in Bokhara . . . the judge (generally a mullah) in pronouncing sentence also determined the amount of the fine, a part of which was to go into his own pocket." There was no industry; agriculture was primitive; dirt as all-pervasive as poverty; disease as endemic as ignorance; woman enslaved. Soil for revolution, but hardly, it would seem, for progress! But let Kunitz tell why such pessimism is false:

> The masses are inevitably affected by the impact of revolution. What seemed unquestionable is challenged and exposed. What seemed eternal lies shattered in the dust. What in ordinary times would take them decades to learn the masses now discover in a flash, a few weeks, in a few days. What appeared tolerable, even desirable, for centuries, suddenly begins to appear monstrous and absurd. In the glare of the revolution lies are exploded, tinsel ripped off, sham exposed.

And so these people took one great stride from the most primitive economic state to the most advanced, telescoping into a few months all the intermediate stages which in the West had taken centuries; vindicating the vision of Lenin, who had seen that it could be done, confounding the Mensheviks, the Social-revolutionaries, the Trotskyites, all the Marxian mullahs, mumblers of the word who have lost the spirit. Today in Tadjikistan the people sing as they guide their modern, Soviet-built agricultural machines on their great collective farms; they glory in Stalinabad, the huge city that has risen by a magic greater than any ancient fable; and, being now mostly literate, they half fill their numerous papers with healthy self-criticism, for they are determined to press forward to the realization of a true workers' civilization, which moreover shall be the well-spring of liberation for all the peoples of the East. For though Czar and Emir are gone, a young Tadjik Communist poet sang to Kunitz:

> I know you, Great Britain, the suffering of our blood brothers is the work of your hands, the trace of your fat fingers is still on your victims' throats. Murder, rapine, hunger, are the work of your hands, O British empire. You made the fools amongst us fight among themselves. You dashed their heads together—you made them fight your wars. . . . But soon the London docker and the farm hand from Jalalabad will smash your crown, O Britain. . . .

SHAEMAS O'SHEEL.

MOVIES

AFTER the failure of the 1827 Decembrist revolt, the Czar executed five of the officers who led the outbreak and sent the other army rebels to the distant Caucasus, where the imperial army was fighting the Turks. The poet, Alexander Pushkin, a friend of and sympathizer with the revolutionists, found the air of counter-revolutionary St. Petersburg too stifling, and he set out in voluntary exile to the Caucasus, followed by czarist spies.

The period after the defeat of the uprising was one of great despair for the exiled officers, and for Pushkin it was a formative interlude. In this morbid time his genius grew and his understanding with it. Night had fallen and men of purpose were groping in the darkness. But another day was coming, and Pushkin could announce a hope of dawn in the rich verses of the remaining eight years of his life.

Pushkin in Georgia and at the siege of the Turkish city of Erzerum is the subject of the Soviet film's second tribute to the poet. Last season we had a glowing picture, *Young Pushkin,* and it is now followed by *Poet and Czar,* based on Pushkin's *Journey to Erzerum.*

D. Zhuravlev, of the Vachtangov Theater, plays the moody poet more in the manner of illustration than of profound recreation. His makeup suggests the Negro blood of which Pushkin was fiercely proud, but the director, Moissei Levin, has allowed him declamations of poetry and rampaging histrionics. Again the story is better appreciated if you know something of Pushkin's life, which is a common pleasure in the Soviet Union, but hardly an item in the duffel-bag of the local moviegoer. Perhaps we should go to Russian films only after acquainting ourselves with the subject under discussion, rather than expecting the film to bring the story in such roundness that we need no frame of reference. *Poet and Czar,* unlike most Soviet pictures, makes this demand.

The Russian film is also the only one which treats a single subject or theme in a series of pictures. Thus *Peter the First* has begun

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a trilogy on the Westernization of Russia; we have the *Maxim* tetralogy well under way; and these two films on Pushkin. Each of the pictures must be considered with the others; they cannot be thought of separately any more than you could write of one volume of Jules Romain's immense fiction project, *Men of Good Will,* without thinking of the others.

However, *Poet and Czar* leaves much wanting. It is only a fair film. It has its passages of great warmth such as the clandestine gathering of Pushkin and his exiled friends in a carpeted tent in Armenia, to talk of old times, sing the old songs, and speak of the dead comrades of December. It has a fine conclusion with the conquering drums pounding in the rutty streets of the Turkish city and the poet walking alone among the vanquished people, seeing the misery of the Czar's victory.

Pushkin's verse has been rendered into adequate English only in the last five years and his life story has consequently received similar neglect. No doubt *Poet and Czar* would be more valuable to us if the great Russian poet were as appreciated in America as he is in the Soviet Union.

BOY MEETS GIRL is Hollywood sniggering weakly at itself, in a screen adaption by Bella and Samuel Spewack of the farce by Bella and Samuel Spewack. The screen adapters have cheated the pants off the playwrights, magnificently assisted by a mass orgy of miscasting. Jimmy Cagney attacks the role of a screwball screen writer with enough energy to pulverize a dozen tough guys if he were only walloping instead of gagging. Pat O'Brien must be the real Benson's stand-in; Ralph Bellamy is terrible, and poor Dick Foran takes a licking from Casting that no varmint ever gave him in his old horse opry days. Marie Wilson stands out in the shambles like a neon sign in her portrayal of the innocent waitress whose unborn tot was made into a great movie star by a pair of screwy screen writers. "Happy," the illustrious bambino himself, is thoroughly inadequate. There are plenty of laughs in *Boy Meets Girl,* but the poor production Hollywood gave it nearly spoils the fun.

WITH A TITLE furnished gratis by Frank Hague and a story inspired by the career of Tom Dewey, Columbia has fashioned a B-minus picture for Edward G. Robinson, *I Am the Law.* Same subject as *Racket Busters,* but far below Warner's picture in quality. I don't think it would be outraging professional ethics to reveal that crime loses in the end.

NEW YORK'S Fifth Avenue Playhouse makes the happy announcement that its International Film Festival is to continue two weeks into September. The items you can and should catch: Sept. 2, 3—*Sous Les Toits de Paris;* 4, 5—*Le Million;* 6—*La Maternelle;* 7—*The Loves of Toni,* a witty film by Jean Renoir; 9, 10—*A Nous La Liberté;* 11, 12—*La Dernier Milliardaire;* 13—*Crime et Chatiment;* 14—*Maria Chapdelaine,* with Jean Gabin.

JAMES DUGAN.

ART

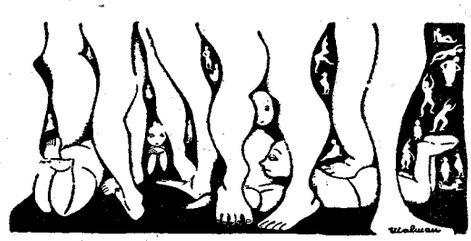
IF A political administration ever before in the history of the United States had an art exhibition dedicated to it, that is news. For future historians of the upsurge of art in America in the thirties, the very title of the exhibition now current at the ACA Gallery, "1938: Dedicated to the New Deal," is a sign for hope. If the close relation between politics and art continues, perhaps we may expect public buildings which do *not* resemble mausoleums in their architecture!

For artist and layman alike today, the exhibition is important because it marks one more stride taken along the road of organic social meaning. Pictures used to be kept—practically under lock and key—in the studio; this was not always by the artist's wish, of course. Today he has grown proud, has achieved self-respect, insists that his work be seen and be seen on the best terms, in large murals on publicly seen walls. More than that, he has learned that preoccupation with "form," "pattern," "linear design," "pure color," and other abstruse qualities will not serve to keep the public interested, no matter how much they divert the artist himself.

A further step has been the sincere enthusiasm of progressive artists to work with a program. This means not only a social and economic program, but also a program of action in their own medium. The use of a central theme for an exhibition, as in the American Artists Congress' "Against War and Fascism," the American Artists Group's "Roofs for Forty Million," and now the ACA artists' New Deal show, is undoubtedly a good thing for both art and artists. It produces a desirable unity of effect and intent, and it helps break down that old individualism and isolation of the artist.

At the same time, it does not nullify the affirmative virtues of the individual point of view or talent. In the current exhibition, there is a wide range of theme, style, and mood. Indeed, even some of the less admirable aspects of the New Deal are pictured, as the continuance of unemployment because of the failure of the administration to expand the WPA program and again as the dark future which greets the class of 1938 entering a world where there are not enough jobs, for young or old.

The positive forces, however, are in the



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ascendant. Evergood's *The Artist in the New Deal,* which may be taken as a central theme for the exhibition and which is incidentally an excellent conception, has that gusto, that brio of life, which has been missing from art of late years. It is like a blast on a trumpet; and perhaps six more of them will bring the walls of Jericho tumbling down? We desperately need this mood in art, because the pressure of life is so great and the presence of urgent problems so great that the capacity for joy seems almost dead.

An early militancy is that of Max Weber's *Forgotten Man,* a demonstration theme. The one panel in the exhibition which does not deal with 1938, it is a pioneer social document, an anticipation of the present concern of artists with contemporary social subjects. Painted four years ago, it was not exhibited at the time, because there was then a far smaller public for social art.

The forward-moving spirit is shown in a number of panels, as Julian Levi's longshoreman *Work,* Theodore Haupt's abstract *WPA* construction scene, Harry Gottlieb's satire [see page 5] on fascist leaders dancing in pagan style around a Wotan fire, Elizabeth Olds' concentration camp for *The Middle Class,* Joe Jones' *A Worker Again—on WPA,* Mervyn Jules' *Planning and Construction* on the WPA, Margaret Lowengrund's *Free Speech.* Such ideas as those used by Gottlieb and Olds are symbolic; a few years ago, the artist could experience nothing but anger at the thought of fascism; today he still feels anger, but he also feels the new confidence of a man who is taking action against an outrage. This new attitude provides spiritual energy for art, as well as for political and economic action.

A more mordant spirit is shown in other panels, the spirit of criticism of existing conditions and institutions, a necessary preliminary to action. Outstanding in this group are Gropper's *The Market,* Tschacbasov's *Roots of Decay,* Harry Sternberg's anti-lynching *Filibuster over the Senate,* and Quirt's "*. . . one-third of a nation . . .*" These represent a phase of agitation, essential to acquaint the public with facts and to arouse the public. It is natural, therefore, that they should stress the less positive side of 1938; their themes are logically collapse, misery, decay, horror, and violence. This need not detract from their real strength as social art.

Other panels are Arthur Emptage's *Half a Million Protests,* Axel Horn's *Unemployed,* and Hy Cohen's *Graduation.* Sketches and ideas for panels by Tromka and Louis Lozowick are also shown. To round out an important occasion, the ACA Gallery has issued a catalog fully illustrated with reproductions of all the work shown and with a foreword by its director, Herman Baron.

The basic social and esthetic philosophy underlying the exhibition, the gallery, and the artists' work generally was well summed up in a broadcast last week over WNYC. But, as one speaker concluded, "You'd better see the pictures." ELIZABETH NOBLE.

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